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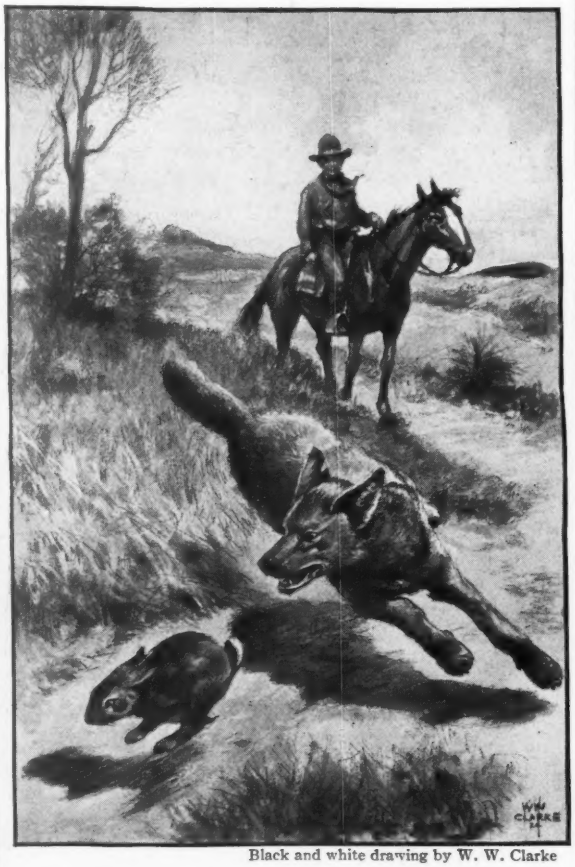
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Illustrated by WILLIAM W. CLARKE

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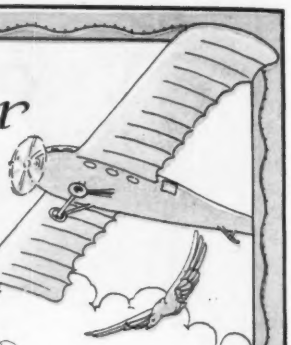
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The Further Adventures of the Add-a-pearl Girl



CHAPTER II

WHEN Fairy Pearlette came again to Add-a-pearl's home, she found Fairy Queen seated on her rainbow throne under a bush covered with beautiful big roses, growing at the edge of the garden and near the wide green lawn. Fairy Queen listened quietly while Fairy Pearlette told her about the trip to the island in the far-away seas, about the marvelous gems locked in Clam's Castle deep down under the waves, about the spell cast over these jewels by Dragon, and about Diver, who had said that only Add-a-pearl herself could get the gems for her fairy necklace.

"What will she have to do?" asked the Fairy Queen.

"She will have to find the charms that will break the spell and then find the keys to Clam's Castle," answered Fairy Pearlette. "But Diver told me that he knows a secret that will help her, perhaps."

Fairy Queen rested her chin very thoughtfully in her slender fingers for a moment. Then she looked up with a sweet smile, and her eyes sparkled like two beautiful gems themselves.

"Come here and listen to what I say, Fairy Pearlette" she commanded in a voice that sounded like a little silver bell.

Now while Fairy Queen and Fairy Pearlette were talking, Add-a-pearl came dancing happily down the garden path. Again she saw the dew-drops sparkling on the rose petals, and again she exclaimed, "I *must* have a necklace of gems as lovely as the dew-drops in the sunshine." "If only the dear fairies would help me," she cried, clapping her little dimpled hands together at the thought.

And what do you think happened? When she clapped her hands, suddenly she saw right in front of her the loveliest little lady standing lightly on a most beautiful rose. She was clad in a garment that looked like spun silver.

"I am Fairy Pearlette," said the little lady, with a gentle smile. 'The fairies have heard your wish and I have come to help you get the gems for your necklace. If you will do what Fairy Queen tells you, and if you will trust me, you shall have your wish come true, and you shall be the happiest little girl in the world. Will you do it?"

Little Add-a-pearl was so excited over the thought of having her beautiful necklace that she could hardly speak. At last she laughed softly and said, "I will. What shall I do first?"

"Take this silver whistle. Put its silver chain around your neck. Never lay it aside. Never loose it."

Add-a-pearl put the silver chain over her head.

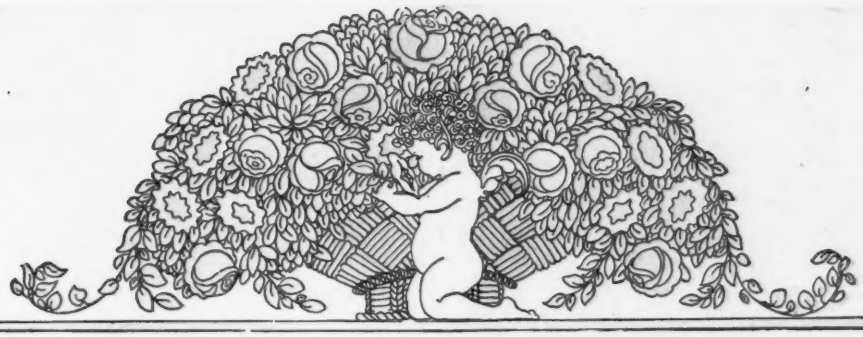
"Now blow the whistle three times," commanded Fairy Pearlette.

Add-a-pearl did this also. Then she waited and waited and waited. At last she heard a great whirring sound overhead, high up in the blue sky. It was hard to look against the sunlight, but little by little she saw what seemed to be a giant golden butterfly, far larger and more wonderful than any butterfly she had ever seen in her father's garden. Suddenly Fairy Pearlette clapped her hands loudly, that is loudly for a fairy, and the great golden creature of the skies circled over the garden and then swooped down and came to rest on the green lawn, right in front of Add-a-pearl herself.

(Continued in the June Issue of CHILD LIFE.)

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY CHICAGO





CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume V

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1926

Number 5

PAGE

COVER DESIGN . . . . . *Hazel Frazee*

GREETING PAGE
SWING-TIME . . . . . *Rose Waldo* 261
Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington

IN MUSIC LAND . . . . *Frontispiece* 262
Drawing by Eleanor Duke
JOY . . . . . *Polly Chase* 263
Drawing by Eleanor Duke
THE MUSIC FESTIVAL OF THE WILD BIRDS
Henry Purmort Eames 264
Illustrations by John Dukes McKee

PUZZLE—FIND THE WITCH . *Helen Hudson* 266

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS
THE EVE OF THE BELLTAINE
Elsie M. Wilkins 267
Illustrations by John Dukes McKee

OUR HEROES
FOR LOVE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Edna P. Brett 270
Illustrations by L. Kate Deal

NURSERY NUGGETS
THE STAR WHO LIVED AT THE TOP OF THE SKY
Florence S. Page 272
Illustrations by Jean Goodwin

HAPPINESS HALL
BETTY SUE'S HIGH TEA
Ruth Gipson Plowhead 273
Illustrations by Eleanor Osborn Eadie

PAGE

HEARTHSTONE TALES
THE BUTTON PRINCESS AND THE SWINGING TREE . . . . *Frances Margaret Fox* 276
Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline

ADVENTURE STORIES
JUDY'S RACE . . . . *Morda V. Coleman* 279
Illustrations by Eleanor Osborn Eadie

JUST AROUND OUR CORNER
Augusta Huiell Seaman 283
Illustrations by Alice Carsey

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN
Clara Ingram Judson 287
Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal

OUR POSY PATCH . . *Louise S. Hubbard* 289
Illustrations by John Dukes McKee

OUR WORKSHOP . . . *A. Neely Hall* 290

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO *Ruth Bradford* 295
Drawing by Milo Winter

OUR BOOK FRIENDS *Avis Freeman Meigs* 298

INDOOR PASTIMES
THE WILLOW CATS . . *Margaret Widdemer* 305
YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S . . *Marie Driggs* 306
THE SHOOLEY FAMILY . *John Dukes McKee* 307

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE 308

JOY GIVERS' CLUB 311

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The Fox and the Pelican

I MUST TELL YOU about the way the Fox and the Pelican entertained each other. It really was funny!

You see, one day Mr. Pelican asked Mr. Fox to dinner, and, of course, Mr. Fox accepted. But when he got there, he found that Mr. Pelican only had fish for dinner. Well, they both sat down to eat, but Mr. Fox never had a chance. Old Mr. Pelican gobbled the fish down whole, and, in a jiffy, he had them all eaten. Mr. Fox was lucky to get even one!

So wise old Mr. Fox resolved to get even, and he invited Mr. Pelican to dinner. And what do you think he had to eat? Just delicious, crisp, crunchy things that had to be chewed—apples and celery and Grape-Nuts, and good things like that! Of course Mr. Pelican couldn't gobble those down whole and he didn't have any teeth to chew with! So he had to sit there and watch Mr. Fox calmly and slowly eat everything. Wasn't that a good joke on Mr. Pelican?

Just imagine what it would be like not to have teeth! You could eat scarcely any of the things you like! And it's almost as bad to have poor teeth, because that makes it hard to eat, too. If you clean your teeth regularly, as Mother tells you, and if you eat lots of crisp, crunchy food, it will certainly help keep your teeth strong and sound.

Grape-Nuts is a fine, crisp food that you'll just love to eat, because it tastes so good! It helps your teeth and more than that, it helps your whole body to stay strong and healthy and sturdy, just as you always want it to be. Ask your Mother to get some good Grape-Nuts for you. You'll certainly like it!

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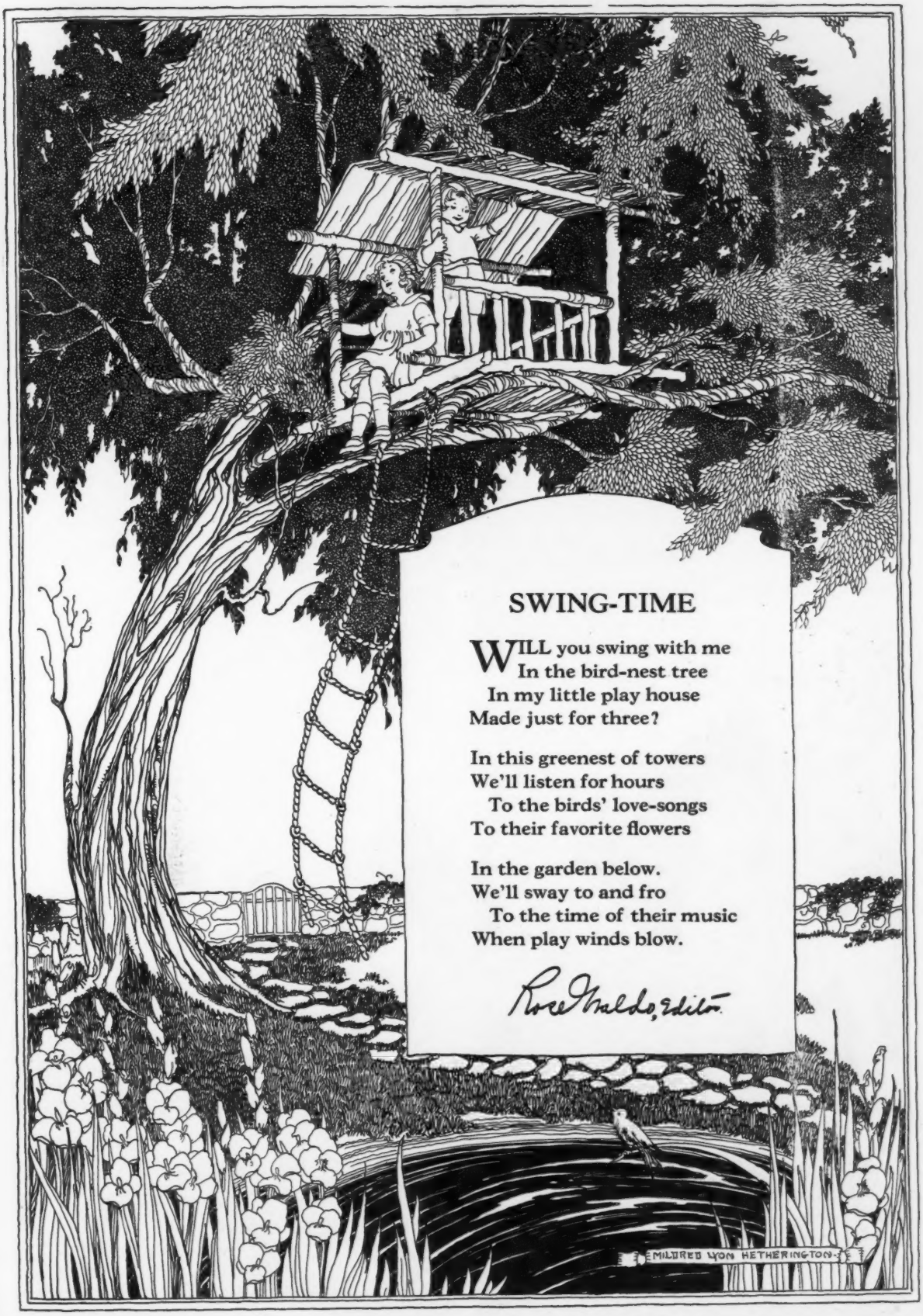
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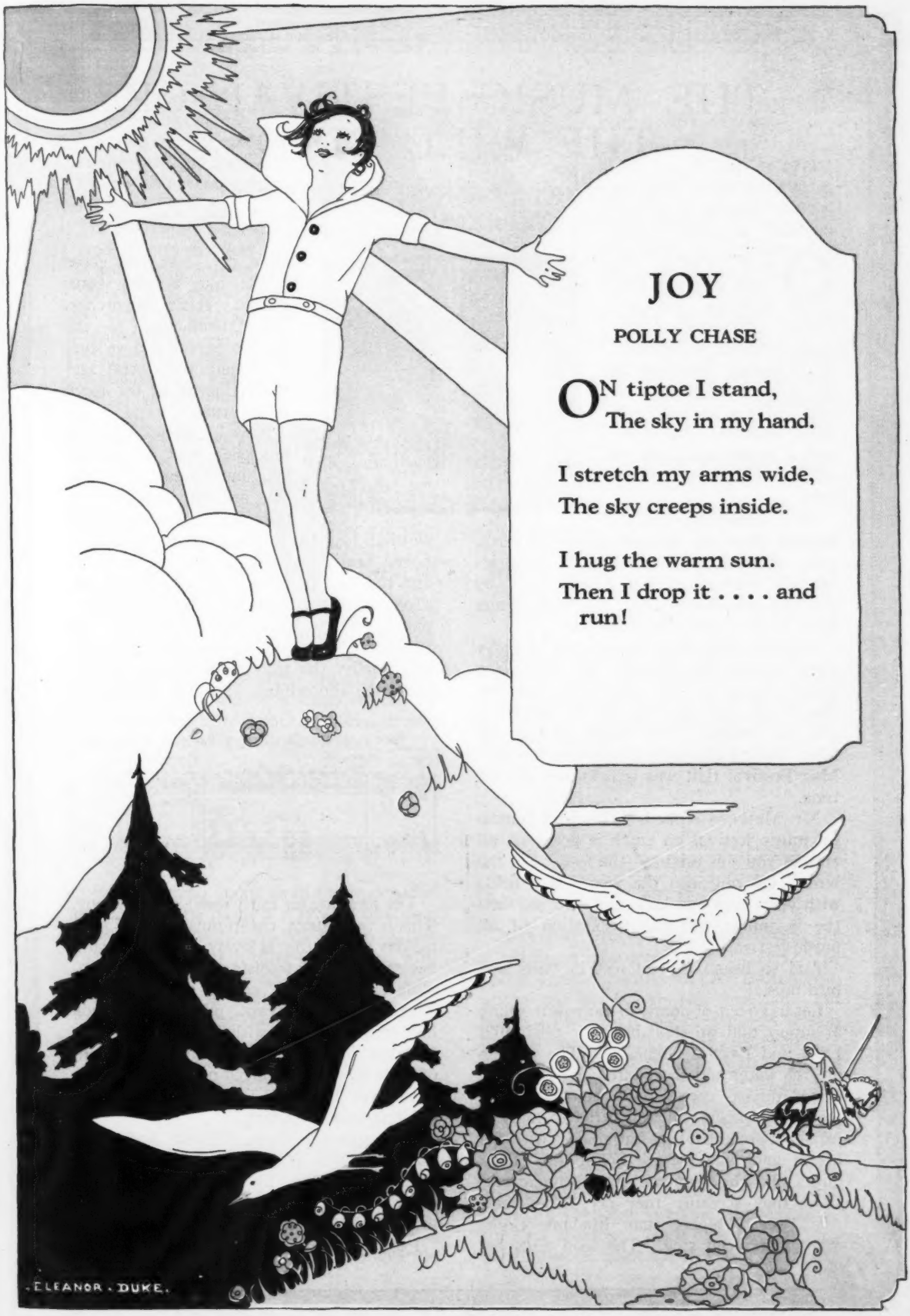
WILL you swing with me
In the bird-nest tree
In my little play house
Made just for three?

In this greenest of towers
We'll listen for hours
To the birds' love-songs
To their favorite flowers

In the garden below.
We'll sway to and fro
To the time of their music
When play winds blow.

Rose Waldo, editor




JOY
POLLY CHASE
ON tiptoe I stand,
The sky in my hand.
I stretch my arms wide,
The sky creeps inside.
I hug the warm sun.
Then I drop it . . . . and
run!
ELEANOR . DUKE.

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL OF THE WILD BIRDS

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL. B.

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist: Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago. President of the Society of American Musicians



ON WINGS of song they come, calling, soaring, darting, diving! Bluebirds, blackbirds, redbirds, yellowbirds, white birds! They are all hurrying to the music festival. May is the month of music festivals, you know, and I invite you now to attend the greatest one ever held.

The musicians—chorus, soloists, directors, and orchestra—are birds, gaily gowned American birds. Their rehearsals commenced last March, and, by the first morning in May, every performer must be letter perfect in his part.

As a boy I lived in the country (a lucky thing for any boy or girl), and I took my piano lessons in the great city near-by. One sunny Saturday in the springtime, I told my teacher of my desire to hear the May Music Festival in Cincinnati, the only May Festival that was well known at that time.

Mr. Mathews replied, "The most beautiful music festival on earth is going on all around you this minute—the festival of the birds. Go out into the woods and fields with open eyes and ears, and you will find the beginning and the inspiration of all music festivals."
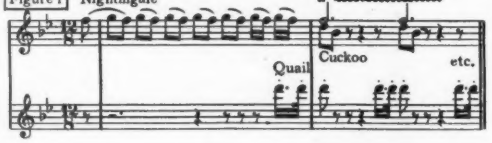
And so began my interest in birds and bird music!

Let us go out-of-doors, to-morrow morning at sunup, and we shall hear the celebrated Lake and Lagoon Orchestra. The players are the water and shore birds, gulls, herons, snipe, ducks, geese, mud hens, killdeer, loons, sandpipers, all well fitted to make a jazz-bird-orchestra that harmonizes with the marsh and lake picture before us. They quack and they squawk; they whistle and they scream; they cry, "Pee-weet, weet," higher than Madame Galli-Curci can sing. The loon adds his eerie cry, and the goose honks like a bass saxophone. It's a fine orchestral introduction to the day's program, and we shall appreciate the Forest and Field Chorus all the more by contrast.

Now let us walk to the brookside and sit by its laughing waters. On one side are the meadows, on the other, the woods. There we shall hear the music in nature that Beethoven heard, and that gave him the mood and the tone patterns for his *Pastoral Symphony*. In the slow part of that tone-picture which he called "Scene by the Brookside," we hear the murmuring water, and finally, the wild notes of the cuckoo, the quail (bobwhite), and the nightingale.

Bird songs from Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony

Figure 1 Nightingale



The morning air fairly sparkles with song. This is no blatant, cheap music. It is pure melody and all that is lovely. The program begins and many soloists appear. The bobolink sings, "Spink, spank, spink," as our American poet, Bryant, puts it, and ends his song-fantasies with vocal fireworks. Meadow larks whistle their invariable figure of three downward slurred notes. The larks have ever been the inspiration of poets, painters and musicians.

Shakespeare's poem, "Hark, hark, the Lark at Heaven's Gate sings," which was set to undying melody by that greatest of song writers, Franz Schubert, is a tribute to the English lark.

Perhaps you have memorized



Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark," that gifted bird-singer who, rises

"Higher still and higher,
From a cloud thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar,
and soaring ever singest."

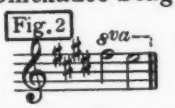
Have you ever thought that birds are singing monoplanes of nature? Each variety sings on its own specially prepared cloudy platform—whether it is high up in the sky or near the earth.

There are many other vocalists in this meadow and woods choir. Representatives of a large family—the wood warblers—are about us. I have counted ten species on just such a May morning. They are not expert songsters, but give brilliance to the chorus with notes higher than the piano or piccolo can sound.

See that noisy restless little acrobat swinging on a twig? He is one of a hundred chickadees about you. His "call notes," from which he gets his name, are a bit harsh, but his real song (his love song) consists of two tones, each of half note duration, clearly sustained and of the purest quality.

Chickadee Song

Fig. 2



Robins are all about us in the woods and meadows. The robin is a symbol of spring to the Northerners, and his broken warble (usually expressed in three-note groups with here and there a two-note figure), is a welcome one. He is a bit of a scold and gets nervous easily, but there is a host of good cheer in his roundelay.

"In the sunshine and the rain
I hear the robin in the lane
Singing, cheerily,
Cheerup, Cheerup,
Cheerily, cheerily, cheerup."

The maple trees across the brook shelter many bluebirds. Bluebirds are the symbol of happiness, and you will never forget this if you will read, or better still see, the play by Maurice Maeterlinck, called "The Blue Bird." In the growing chorus round about us we can recognize their tender, quavering song, not so vigorous as the robin's, but more appealing. The bluebird's song, like all bird songs never dies, for he passes it on and shows us—as Mr. Maeterlinck says—that "there are no dead."

The blue jay is interesting, too. He is more than a mere symbol of a robber—he is one. The following stanzas give us a robin's idea of a jay bird.

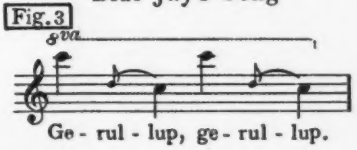
"With twigs and strings and other things
The robin builded it strong,
And as he plaited them into shape
He carolled a cheerful song.

"Why so busy?" the Jay Bird asked,
"What are you doing, pray?"
"I suppose," said the Robin, "I'm building
a nest
For you—you blooming Jay!"

Nevertheless, the jay is a better singer than the bluebird, and gives right heartily to the chorus his clear bell-like three-syllabled phrase.

Blue Jay's Song

Fig. 3



Now listen to the Baltimore oriole, the gifted singer who dresses in the colors of the coat of arms of the English Lord Baltimore—orange and black. He is a musician. His ability to whistle a well-constructed song is unquestioned, but, like many human singers, he is prone to waste time in chattering, and in introductory remarks. But when he does join in the festival chorus, he uses his metallic mezzo-soprano voice in a full, rich manner easily recognized.

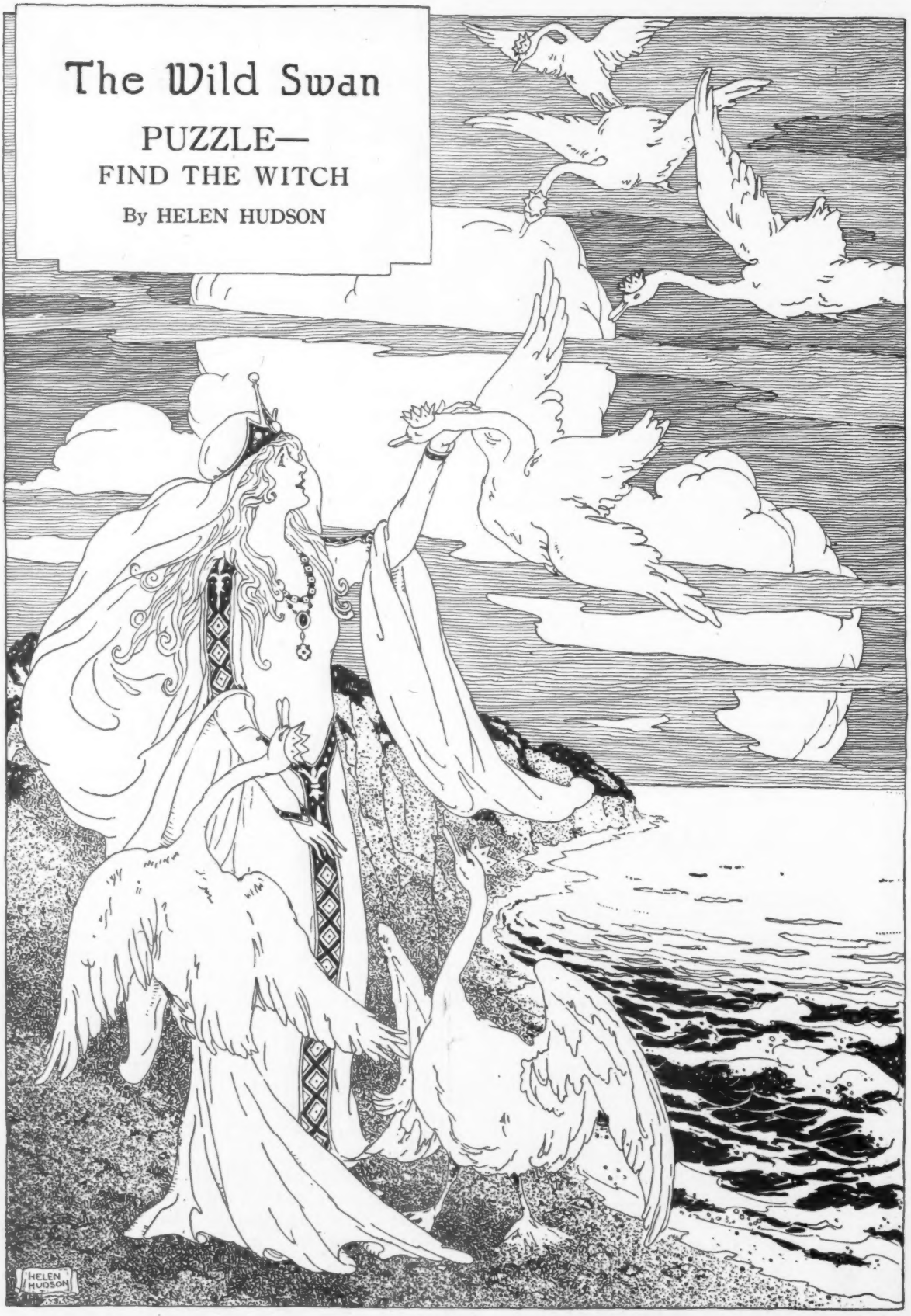
We must not forget the field sparrow with his clear plaintive note, and surely not that flower of the large sparrow family—the song sparrow. He is little but an inexhaustible fountain of cheer and

(Continued on page 297)

The Wild Swan

PUZZLE—
FIND THE WITCH

By HELEN HUDSON



THE EVE OF THE BELLTAINE

By ELSIE M. WILKINS

CHARACTERS

BRIAN.
MAEVE.
THE POOKA.
WILL-O'-THE-WISP.
CLEENA.
CLOUDS, WAVES.

The time is the Eve of the Belltaine, the first of May, when fairies and spirits of nature are allowed to assume bodily form (a superstition in Celtic lands).

SCENE: The stage represents a large room, simply furnished. A door at the back leads to the open, and there are two windows, one on each side of the door. There is a small cot alongside each window. Another door leads to the right. When the curtain rises, a pale moonlight is streaming in on the beds of Brian and Maeve. You will be able to get this effect by using a pale green light. The two children are apparently sleeping.

BRIAN (*sitting up in bed; then tiptoeing to the door at right and listening*): Good! Everything is quiet. (*Going over to* MAEVE'S *cot.*) Oh-h, Maeve! Well, if you aren't tight asleep!

MAEVE (*sitting up, rubbing her eyes*): Asleep? No, I was thinking, wasn't I? But it is still the Belltaine, isn't it? Of course. Ah, the moonlight, how it trickles through my fingers!

BRIAN: Yes, it is still the first of May, the Belltaine, the Good-folks' night, or whatever you call it, that you made such a fuss about. And there you were sleeping! And now! Well, if you aren't playing with your fingers!

MAEVE: Just see, Brian! The moonlight is soaking right through the covers, maybe to get warm. It does look cold. Ah, Brian, you are laughing at me, again. But don't shout so loud. You scare everything.

BRIAN (*laughing*): You do say such funny things, even if you are my sister. Don't you know that only water, or milk, or wine can soak through anything? Not moonbeams! And how can the moonlight creep between the covers to get warm? It isn't a little girl or a little boy with a head.

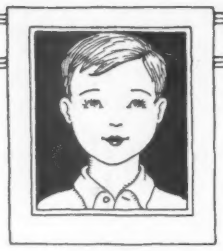
MAEVE: Oh, let's not talk so much. I am going to look outside. [*She slips out of bed, and makes her way towards the open door. She stops midway and turns to* BRIAN.] Is everyone abed? Did you hear the key turn in the lock?

BRIAN: Of course. Didn't I say I would see to it? I was so stuffy in bed with all my things on, I couldn't wait till I heard it. Aren't you hearing what it is I am saying, there at the door? Do you see any of your fairy folk coming here?

MAEVE: Sh-h! I hear a tiny music. Perhaps it is the wind toying with the heather bells, or perhaps the Pooka.

[*She is interrupted by the entrance of the* POOKA *himself, a tiny, plump, brown sprite whose wings are continually waving and streaked with moonbeams. This may be effected by sewing pieces of tinfoil on the wings. At his heels, flits a thin graceful child in dark green tights. He wears a gold*





cap that is always glowing and dimming. He is called WILL-O'-THE-WISP. *Strong flash-lights thrown on the gold cap from off stage will produce the desired effect.*]

THE POOKA: Ha! Ha! I was waiting to hear you call upon me, my little friends. How fine it is to talk to you! Why don't you say "Good evening" to me? I was rolling in the grass on Pollapuca's Hill, singing a song to myself, when you called "Pooka," my little friends. And I came, didn't I? That grasshopper over there, Will-o'-the-Wisp, had to follow after me—

WILL-O'-THE-WISP (*interrupting*): Before you go on, I would like to tell you that if I am a grasshopper, you're a bumblebee. You bumble your way everywhere. Furthermore, let me inform you, you are tedious.

THE POOKA (*provoked*): Scat! Since when can't a respectable sprite say "Good evening" to some children? [*He blows* WILL-O'-THE-WISP *about the room. The little fellow's cap is lighting and paling tremulously.*] Scat! Scat! I say!

[*He finally stops his pursuit and stands puffing.*]

BRIAN: Would you like some water, Mr. Pooka?

THE POOKA: Nonsense! What for?

MAEVE: Would you care for a lollypop? We have pink and white ones—peppermints.

THE POOKA: No, thank you. I feel in a piping mood. Just to show, I'll sing you a song—one that I like to sing, lying deep in the purple heather with my arms behind my head. Perhaps when I have finished you will know me better. [*He sings to the tune of "Lóch Lomand."*]

I come from a land where the white sea rolls,
O'er beaches all spattered with pearl.
I lie on a cloud all crinkled with dew,
And rosy as lips of a girl.

I sail in the night o'er the earth's gray rim
To heaven, and sing with the stars.
I kiss red as roses, all fancies of love
And blow them gold-tinseled, from Mars.

I light on earth's flowers; they suck in my breath,
Unwrapping their petals, each one.
I touch the blue winglets of young butterflies—
They flutter as though in the sun.

I hover o'er children rolled tight in their beds,
O'er closed eyelids, whiter than June;
I waft them a laugh, and blinking their eyes,
They sleepily scold at the moon.

MAEVE: What a pretty song! I think I must have heard you singing before—far off—and thought it was the heather bells.

BRIAN: You must travel a great deal, Mr. Pooka—far beyond our island. In my geography-book there is a picture of Mars with a ring around it. No-o, that is Saturn. But anyway, it must be fun to sail the skies, and without a balloon, too.

THE POOKA: How the boy talks! Such nonsense! Balloons! Geography! Does he go after everything that way and measure it?

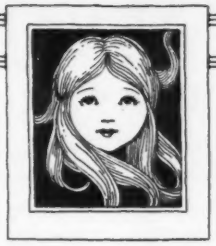
MAEVE (*nodding*): Yes, he always does—with a tape measure.

THE POOKA: That is sad, indeed. The tape measure and civilization always go together. Cleena will feel badly about this, very badly. Did you know she is coming here to-night?

THE TWO CHILDREN: No. Who is she?

THE POOKA: She is the spirit of living things, of things that grow green. She is the most gracious





being in Tir-na-n-óg, the land where the fairies dwell, where the souls of the waves, the clouds, the stars, live.

BRIAN: And is it far away from here, this happy land?

THE POOKA: It lies so close to human beings that they may step into it—if they wish.

MAEVE (*interrupting*): Oh, just see poor Will-o'-the-Wisp, so lonely in the corner. (To WILL-O'-THE-WISP.) Wouldn't you like to sing a song, too, or have you none?

WILL-O'-THE-WISP: Yes, if it will please you, I will sing. [*Chanting to the distant strains of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose."*]

Drip, drip,
Wet moon!
Sip, sip,
Old loon!

Where the sea is dappled gray,
Streaked with patches white as day,
And the phantom barge appears,

Drip, drip,
Wet moon!
Sip, sip,
Old loon!

When the heather sweats with dew
And the fields lie spangled blue,
When the kelp's long, tangled hair
Veils the shore's white silent stare,

Drip, drip,
Wet moon!
Sip, sip,
Old loon!

[*While* WILL-O'-THE-WISP *has been singing his last words,* CLEENA *enters. She is a young girl dressed in pale green. She walks up to the children and takes their hands in hers.*]

CLEENA: Children, do you know me?

BRIAN: Wh-y—

CLEENA: Yes, what is it?

BRIAN: I was going to say, you looked somewhat like our willow tree, the very young one, you know.

MAEVE: And your smile is pink like a rose.

CLEENA (*smiling*): You do know me then, do you not? And now I am going to let you see some other friends. Perhaps you will not know them, although you play near them every day.

[*As she finishes speaking, the waves glide into the room. They are clad in long, clinging dresses, dark green, blue and gray. Bands of shell encircle their heads, while their long dark hair hangs straight.*]

BRIAN: What long, sad ladies!

MAEVE: How green they smell—just like the sea! They are waves.

BRIAN: Their eyes! Are they not opals?

MAEVE: How cold-looking they are! Perhaps they were born in the winter.

BRIAN (*to* CLEENA): Do the ladies never talk or sing?

CLEENA (*smiling at him before she answers*): Oh, yes, indeed! They have lovely voices. In sea shells you can hear an echo of their song. See, now they are going!

MAEVE: Must they go?

CLEENA: Yes. They must all take their places in the tide to-night. But do you see those who come floating in now? They are the clouds.

[*A group of young girls come dancing. They are dressed in billowy dresses of softest fabric in pink, white, blue, saffron, etc.*]

BRIAN: How beautiful they are! They are hiding rainbows in their dresses.

(*Continued on page 303*)



FOR LOVE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By EDNA P. BRETT

IT WAS the night before Memorial Day. Betty and Buddy, seated at Great-grandfather's knee, were listening with all their ears to his wonderful stories of the Civil War and of their beloved hero, Abraham Lincoln. For Great-grandfather Stebbins had been in the Civil War himself, as a surgeon doctor, when he was a young man. And he had actually seen and talked with the nation's great leader, besides meeting little Tad Lincoln once at the White House! It was perfectly thrilling! And Great-grandfather was to visit Betty and Buddy for a whole week.

At the close of one of his most splendid stories of the big-hearted Lincoln, telling of a kind and beautiful act to a suffering soldier, Buddy burst out: "If only Abraham Lincoln were living now, I'd —I'd take all my money from the bank and buy him a present, to pay him for what he did for the soldiers and the whole country!"

"So would I," chimed in Betty, "and for what he did for little hurt birds and rabbits—and everything that was in trouble. But," she added ruefully, "Lincoln doesn't live in this world any more. Oh, I know what we'll do!" Betty bubbled over with her idea. "We'll decorate *that* for our Memorial Day celebration! Father's going to take us all out to the country in the morning, and we'll get a lot of wild flowers. I think Abraham Lincoln would like wild flowers better than bought ones, because they're free to all."



"Hooray!" shouted Buddy. "And I'll trim up his hat with my two dozen little flags!"

"And, please, may I attend the celebration?" begged Great-grandfather. "I haven't even seen that statue yet, you know, except in pictures."

"Of course, you're to go!" cried Betty and Buddy in a breath.

A few blocks distant, in front of the courthouse, was the beautiful bronze statue of America's beloved president. There he sat on a plain bronze bench, his high bronze hat resting beside him, the kindly countenance bespeaking friendliness to all.

No wonder the boys and girls of the town, loving Abraham Lincoln as they did, were devoted to the statue! And almost any pleasant day they might be seen playing about the broad stone base, or climbing up to sit on the inviting knee.

Thus it was, late Memorial Day afternoon that Betty, Buddy, and Great-grandfather, who though past his eighty-seventh birthday was still a good walker, were starting blithely forth to carry out the precious Memorial Day plan.

Betty carried a May basket filled with buttercups and daisies, Buddy carried a long chain made of tiny American flags, Great-grandfather carried only his cane.

"There he is, there he is!" Buddy shouted presently, pointing excitedly in the direction of the courthouse.

A few paces more and Great-grandfather stopped short and, reverently lifting his hat, stood silent for a moment before the marvelous likeness. Buddy put up his hand to take off his hat too, but he couldn't, because he didn't have any hat on. So he saluted the great bronze statue instead.

"Not a single soul here, for once!" cried Betty.

"Oh, yes, there is!" she squealed, taking another step.

Then Great-grandfather and Buddy spied it, too—something white and alive snuggled down in the bend of the arm, in the very spot where the flowers were to go! And forthwith, that "something" sent out a faint "Me-ow."

"Oh, you darling kitty!" Betty set down her May basket in a hurry and, climbing up the statue,

reached out eager hands. But at her touch, wee pussy began to cry piteously.

"Come away, and I'll handle him all right," offered Buddy.

But Great-grandfather waved both of the children aside and stretching out his long arm, picked up the quivering little kitten, so gently it didn't cry at all.

"Ah, one of his paws is bruised, quite a little. Poor little chap came to 'Father Abraham' for comfort! But how did he manage to get up there?" Great-grandfather said and knit his bushy brows in his perplexity.



Just then, a scrap of paper fluttered to the ground from the bend in the arm of the big statue where the little visitor had been.

"Why, it's a letter!" Betty picked it up and began to read the words scribbled in lead pencil, Buddy peering over her shoulder.

> "Please notice. This kitty's foot is hurt and he can't walk. I found him like this. I can't take him to our house, because Mother goes out to work. I have to go back to my job now, so I am leaving him here. Please, somebody adopt him and help him get well. He's a very nice kitty and only cries when he has to. I think Abraham Lincoln would like somebody to be kind to him.
>
> Yours truly,
> Alec."

"Of course, we'll adopt him!" said Betty joyfully. "Of *course!*" echoed Buddy. "And Great-grandfather will take care of him the same as he did the wounded soldiers."

Great-grandfather gave his word of honor he would do his best. Whereupon Betty declared that they must get at the decorating right away, so they could look after the kitten. "I think Abraham Lincoln would rather we did that," she said, "than to be decorated himself."

"I'm sure that he would!" Great-grandfather nodded his head most emphatically.

Soon Buddy's chain of two dozen tiny flags gaily encircled his high bronze hat and Betty's wild flowers were nestling against the bronze coat sleeve—just as if they loved to be there. Then Great-grandfather again lifted his hat to the statue, Buddy waved his hand, Betty flung a good-bye kiss and they started homeward. This time Great-grandfather carried the May basket, his kitty-cat patient tucked snugly inside.

On the way, Betty had another of her bright ideas. It stopped her short in her skipping.

"We ought to call him Forget-me-not," she announced, "after his darling blue eyes, and 'specially, because he's a Memorial Day kitty and Memorial Day, you know, is a *forget-not* day!"

Great-grandfather and Buddy thought it a capital idea, too, and said that you simply couldn't find a better name. So Forget-me-not the kitten was christened, then and there, and he began to purr softly as though he liked the name.

What wonder Mother and Father were delighted to adopt such a nice pet with such a nice name right into the family! In a surprisingly short time, Forget-me-not had been fed with warm milk and put to bed on a downy, red cushion. And as he lay there, a fluffy white ball, all he needed to do was to open his bright blue eyes to make the prettiest patriotic picture ever, in red, white, and blue!

But best of all, he was getting better every minute. Betty and Buddy stood by and watched him happily.

"Oh, if only Alec could see him now!" said Betty beginning to stroke Forget-me-not's soft white coat.

"I just know that Alec would feel mighty glad if he only knew how you and Billy had come to the kitten's rescue," said Great-grandfather, looking very happy and proud of his two great-grandchildren.

"I think that helping Forget-me-not the way we did was the nicest part of our celebration," declared Buddy.

"The part Abraham Lincoln would like best, too," added Betty softly.



THE STAR WHO LIVED AT THE TOP OF THE SKY

By FLORENCE S. PAGE

ONCE there was a proud little star who lived at the top of the sky. "I live in the very *top* of the sky," it said, tossing its head. "Nobody else lives so high as I do!"

It said that ever so many times, till the other stars got tired of listening.

"I live in the north sky," one of them said at last.

"And I live in the south sky," said another one.

"But there are other stars there, too," said the proud little star, "While *I* am the only star who lives in the top of the sky!" and it puffed out its sparkles till the other stars wanted to shake it.

At last they got so irritated that they felt they could not listen to the proud little star any longer. So they sent for the wind.

"Listen," they said, "that proud little star brags so much we simply can't stand it."

The wind listened, and the proud little star was singing.

"I live in the *top* of the sky,
And *no* body else lives so high!"
it sang.

The wind laughed, and blew a rainstorm up the sky.

It rained and it rained and it rained, so hard that it washed the little star down from the sky!

Down, down, down it fell, and landed *splash* in a little black pool on the sidewalk.

Then all the other stars laughed scornfully.

"Where are you now?" they said. "You aren't in the top of the sky now, are you?"

But the little star was so surprised to find itself in a pool of water that it didn't answer. It felt so queer!

Then it began to swim around in the pool. It splashed around like a very shiny fat little fish.

Then it danced in the middle of the water, and waved yellow ripples over its head.

Then it hid in the corner and all the other stars looked down and said, "Why, where *is* the proud little star?"

The little star popped out of the corner, and said, "Boo!" Then it giggled and giggled, and all the other stars twinkled, too, because it was so silly.

Then it swam again. It had a wonderful time.

After a while the moon looked over the trees, and saw the little star down in the pool.

"Why, how did you get down there?" she asked.

"The rain washed me down from the top of the sky, because I was so proud," said the star.

"I'm sorry," said the moon.

"Oh, but I *like* it down here," said the little star. "I guess the top of the sky isn't the best place after all. Other places seem just as nice."

"If you know that, you've learned your lesson," said the moon. "Take hold of the moonlight, and I'll pull you back into the sky."

"I don't know whether I want to come out or not," said the star. "I love this little wet pool."

"But stars have to live in the sky," said the moon.

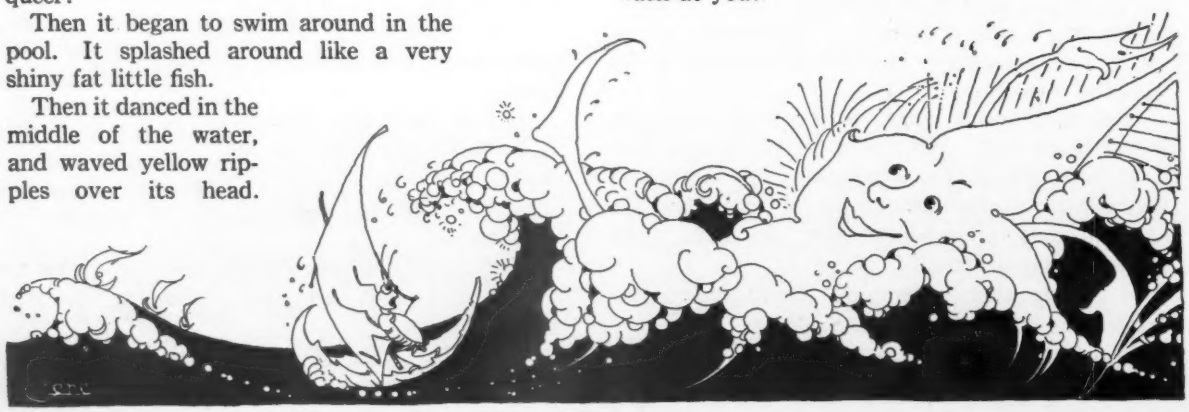
"If I'll come up, will you let me come down and swim, after every rain?" asked the star.

"I suppose so," said the moon.

"Just listen to that!" said the other stars. "We thought the proud little star would be ashamed, and instead it has had a wonderful time!"

But when the little star climbed back into the sky, it wasn't proud any more.

Some night, after a rain is over, when the air is dark and sweet and warm, if you'll run out and look in the pools of water, maybe you'll catch the little star swimming in one of them! And if you wave your hand at it, maybe it will wave a sparkle back at you!



BETTY SUE'S HIGH TEA

By RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD

BETTY SUE loved to read, and she was spelling out advertisements in the local paper, while Sally Lou played jacks.

"Say it With Flowers. Mother Loves Them."

"Don't Forget that Mother Still Has a Sweet Tooth. Give Her a Box of our Famous English Toffee."



"Why, Sally Lou! To-morrow is Mother's Day," she said to her little chum who went on playing jackstones on the floor beside her.

"Sure it is. I knew that a long time ago," said Sally Lou proudly.

Betty went on with her reading. Suddenly she said, "Sally Lou, our mothers always do nice things for us on Children's Day. Why couldn't we do something nice for them, and give them a party or something on Mother's Day?"

"A party? On Sunday? Wouldn't that be a funny way to do?"

"Oh, I don't mean a really truly party, with dancing and lots of people. Just all of the two families, yours and mine. We could call it a tea—a high tea—that's more stylish."

"I'll bet my brothers wouldn't come," said Sally.

"Oh, but if we had plenty to eat, and didn't keep them very long they might," said wise Betty Sue.

So it was decided that the girls should give a high tea at Betty's home, and that it should be a very grand affair. Betty used her best paper upon which to write the invitations. There were lovely flowers in the yard, so that the rooms could be changed almost into a flower garden. The great trouble about this was that the girls could not agree. Betty Sue wanted to use the small and dainty flowers—violets, forget-me-nots, English daisies and lilies-of-the-valley. Sally Lou wanted gorgeous big peonies and flaming tulips. So it was decided that Sally should decorate the living room, and Betty the dining room.

"What shall we give them to eat?" queried Sally.

"We must have tea for the mothers and punch for the boys. And I think I can bake a cake—one of those easy ones Mother has taught me to make. I am sure I can do it alone, if Mother will fix the oven. I'll tell her I have a secret and want to be alone in the kitchen."

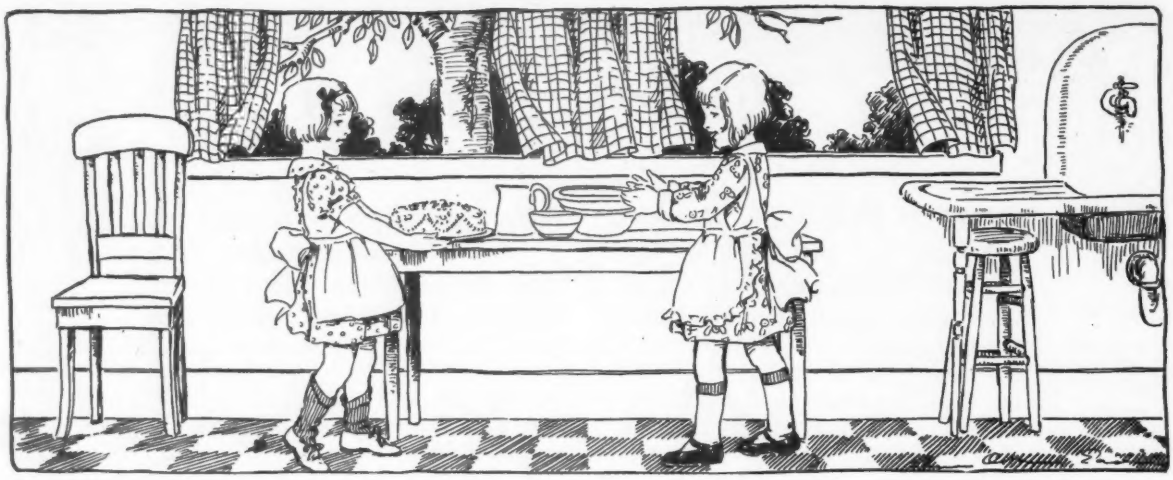
"I shall make a cake, too," said heedless Sally Lou. "I can make one if you can."

"Hadn't we better make one together?" asked Betty Sue, who had seen too many of scatter-brained Sally's efforts to be very hopeful.

"No, sir. I shall make it alone. You needn't think that you are the only person who can make cake. Mother has a cook book and I can read."

As soon as Mother had finished her Saturday baking, Betty Sue said, "Mother, Sally and I have a secret. It's a nice secret, and you won't ask what it is, will you? Being alone in the kitchen is part of it. Will you please fix the electric oven just right for baking?"

Betty was a careful little girl, and it seemed as though the butter and eggs and sugar really knew they were going into a Mother's Day cake. Good enough to eat the mixture looked as Betty poured it into the pan. She washed the cooking dishes and put everything carefully away so that Mother would not dream what she had been making. She watched the cake very carefully. But what was the matter? It did not get fluffy and fill the pan as it should. Why, it would be only a tiny cake. Then she remembered! There, on the back of the table, was the can



of baking powder and the unused spoon!

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" screamed Betty loudly. "I've spoiled it. I've spoiled it."

"Have you burned yourself, Betty?" called Mother, rushing to the door.

"Oh, no, just done something dreadful," replied Betty with a long face. "I shall have to try again."

"Wait until after lunch," said Mother.

When Daddy came home, Betty ran to his arms, and had barely time to whisper the terrible secret of her failure. Daddy felt so sorry. Betty meant to tell him that she was going to make another cake, but Mother came into the room, and there could be no more secrets.

The afternoon cake was lovely—light and fluffy. Betty Sue mixed powdered sugar and water and coconut and piled high the delicious icing. Mother liked coconut so much.

Sally Lou was having her troubles, too. When she went home from Betty's she found that Mother had gone shopping. That would be a fine chance to make the cake while Mother was away. Having no idea how to make a cake, she dumped everything in and stirred the mixture well. The oven was very hot, and when Daddy came home a few minutes in advance of Mother, he found a smoky house, a blackened cake and a little daughter who was wailing loudly. In fact, Sally Lou was crying so hard that nice Mrs. Powell, who was in her back yard feeding the chickens, rushed over to see what dreadful thing had happened.

Well, they cleaned up all trace of the ruins, just before Mother returned. Daddy joked Sally Lou, and the neighbor whispered something in her ear which made the dimples come again.

After dinner Sally Lou said, "Mother, Mrs. Powell wants me to come over for a while. We're going to do something nice."

"Now, Sally," said Mrs. Powell, "you shall make this cake. All I shall do will be to measure the parts, and tell you how to put them together. Then you may frost it all alone, and decorate it as you please."

So little Sally Lou measured and sifted and stirred until she was panting for breath and the cake came from the oven big and delicious and brown. While it was baking, Sally ran over to Mr. McCorkle's store and bought goodies with which to decorate her cake. Oh, it was to be a gay, gay cake, like gay little Sally herself, and she bought scarlet cinnamon drops, green jelly beans, tiny orange marbles, licorice drops and salted peanuts. Sally was so happy when she had arranged them over the bright pink frosting! She proudly showed it to Betty Sue an hour later in Betty Sue's kitchen.

They were still admiring the cake when Sally's mother called, "Sally Lou. Sally Lou. Here is a letter from Grandma. It came in one of mine and is marked *Very Private*, so you and Betty had better read it alone."

The letter

said: "As Sunday is Mother's Day I am sending by express the kind of a cake your daddy liked best in all the world when he was home. I know Mother will like it, too—just full of nuts and citron and raisins. You and Betty can get it at the express office and surprise your mothers, for you must take a nice big piece over to Betty's mother."

"Oh, our nice little fat grandma! Isn't that the funniest joke? We have three cakes now," giggled Sally. And the little girls giggled all the way to the express office. They giggled still more when they opened the box, and gazed at the big, big, cake. They knew just how many good things Grandma always put in her cakes. They hid it in the attic, where Sally's own cake was waiting.

But the girls were not through giggling, for *what do you think* happened that night? Betty's father had felt so sorry about the cake with no baking powder that he said to himself, "I must do something to help Betty with her high tea."

Well, just as though it was meant to happen, he passed a grocery store where the Baptist ladies were holding a cooked food sale. There in the window was a big, round black chocolate cake. Daddy thought, "Why, that's the very thing," and went in and exchanged a round silver dollar for a round chocolate cake.

And Sally's father, also, had felt sorry about the burnt cake, and he was still laughing to himself about the idea of his heedless little daughter making a cake, when he came to the bakery shop. The baker knew him very well and called, "Hi, there, Mr. Clore. We're having a special to-day on the best angel food cakes you ever tasted. Family like them?"

"My family likes anything under the sun in the shape of cakes," he replied, and then he remembered about Sally Lou. He looked the cakes over and said, "Give me your very biggest size. That one with the pink wreath about the edge will please Sally."

That evening when Sally rushed excitedly over to Betty's and whispered, "Come over! I have something in the attic to show you," Betty replied eagerly, "I was just going to run over and tell you I have something to show you. Come in the spare room."

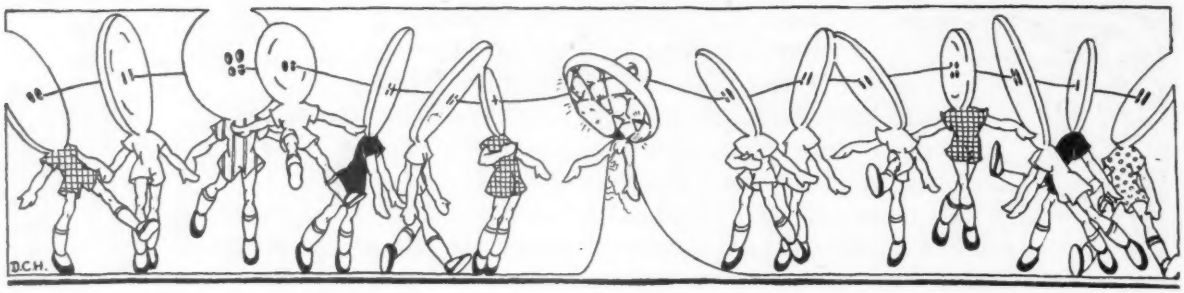
There, safely hidden, was the big chocolate cake wrapped in oiled paper. Then they ran to Sally's attic, and there, in a neat cardboard box, was the pink-wreathed angel cake.

The chums hugged one another and laughed so hard that they rolled over on the floor.

Well, you may have been to high teas but never to such a high tea as that! Betty, in her frilliest, prettiest dress sat on one side of the table and poured the tea. Sally Lou, in her gayest frock poured the very pink lemonade. There were beautiful tulle-tied bouquets for the mothers and on the table were a coconut cake; a pink wreathed angel food cake; a large black chocolate cake; a very gay cake all covered with peanuts and cinnamon drops, licorice drops, green jelly beans and orange marbles; and a thick cake filled with citron and nuts.

You may be sure that *all* of Sally Lou's brothers were there, and they stayed a long, long time.





THE BUTTON PRINCESS AND THE SWINGING TREE

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Author of "*Janey*," "*Ellen Jane*," "*Adventures of Sonny Bear*," "*Kinderkins*," etc.

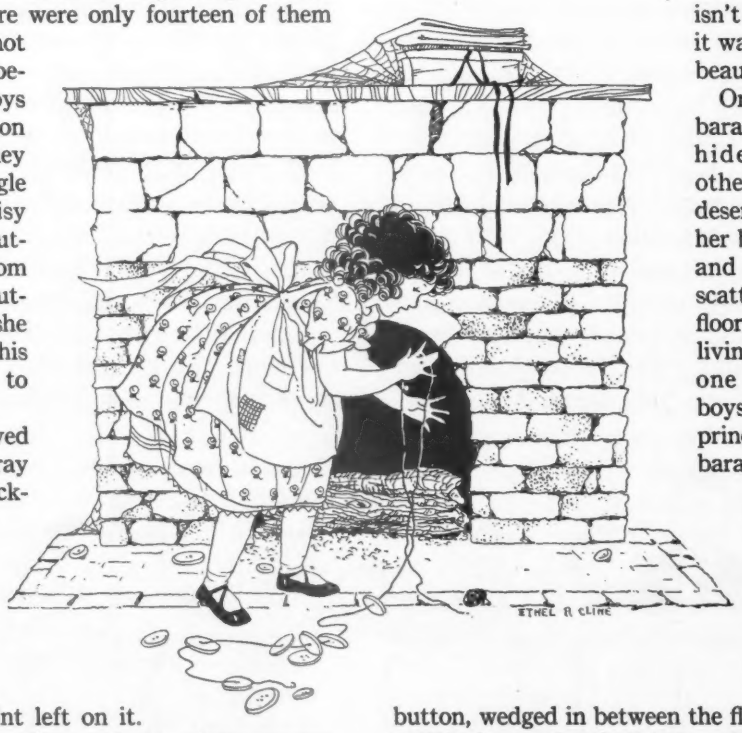
THE family had been laughing all the morning at sister Barbara Anne because she was in such haste to go to the swinging tree that the button princess must have felt dizzy. The rough and ready button boys would not be expected to care how hard their heads were bumped as Barbara Anne flew down the stairs with a hop and a skip and a jump to help her mother get breakfast, but the button princess was in danger of losing her diamond.

Barbara Anne had never worn her button-string to school because her button children were common and ordinary, even though she loved them. They were worn-looking old buttons cut from worn-looking old clothes and were not the kind of buttons the girls at school would ever think of putting on their button-strings. There were only fourteen of them at that, but this is not so sad as it sounds because the button boys had so much room on their string that they could dance a jingle dance and be as noisy as they liked. The button princess seldom traveled with the button boys because she was too precious. This is how she happened to be their princess.

Barbara Anne lived in the little old gray farmhouse on the Jackson Road on the east side of the river bridge just beyond the three tall oaks. The house used to be white but it didn't have a speck of paint left on it. The winds and the rains and the winter storms, Jack Frost and the sunshine made it the gray color which pleases Mother Nature. In summer, rose vines with pink blossoms climb over that little old gray farmhouse and seem to love it. In winter white snowdrifts pile round the house in magic beauty.

The folks who lived in the house were called poor, but if they were poor they didn't know it because they were so happy. There were two rather big boys in the family, then Barbara Anne, and after her two little boys and a baby girl. The boy next older than Barbara Anne was not much comfort to her because he made fun of all her ways and her button-string. His name was Jimmy.

Straight up the hill from the little gray house there was for long years a ruined old mansion wide open to the weather. It isn't there now because it was made over into a beautiful summer home.



One day when Barbara Anne was playing hide-and-seek with other children in the deserted old mansion, her button-string broke and the button boys scattered all over the floor of the huge old living room. It was one of those button boys who rescued the princess. When Barbara Anne stooped to pick him up where he was hiding beside the huge old fireplace, she saw the princess; that is, she saw a black, dingy-looking button like a big shoe-button, wedged in between the floor and the hearth.

"You poor, lonely button child!" said Barbara Anne. "You shall go home with my button boys and you shall have a bath the first thing."

After that the wonder happened. The princess, with help from Barbara Anne's mother, slipped off her heavy black cloak, and there she stood, a shining button princess. She was a bright silver button with a sparkling brilliant in the center. That was in October.

The winter that followed may have been the merriest the button princess had ever known. The button boys treated her as if she were a queen. During the long winter Barbara Anne told the button princess stories of the swinging tree; the old apple tree in the lane. It was called the swinging tree because even when Barbara Anne's mother was a little girl, children used to swing there in strong rope swings with little boards for seats; also, the old tree had swinging branches that almost trailed upon the ground. Nobody had ever cared for the tree that grew in the lane but birds and bees and children. It was Barbara Anne's fairyland. She loved the old tree, every leaf and twig and every bird's nest in it. The button princess had never been to see it. Barbara Anne was waiting to take her when the tree first shook open her blossoms.

The day before the morning when Barbara Anne was in such haste that the button princess and the button boys bumped their heads together on the button-string round her neck, the old tree told her that if the sun shone in the morning all her pink buds would open wide. It was no secret either; the birds knew it, the bees knew it and the whispering winds.

Barbara Anne danced the breakfast dishes on the table and spilled the water when she filled the glasses. She put the butter dish on so quickly the pat of butter slid off and skidded against the sugar bowl. She was in such haste to be out of the house and away to her fairy realm that she started to tie the baby's bib on the small-sized little boy. It made him roar.



When Mother asked Barbara Anne to pour the syrup on that same small boy's pancake, Barbara Anne said to him,

"Puddles or wiggle-waggles? Tell me quickly!"

Then, because the little brother didn't say anything, just pouted, Barbara Anne wouldn't wait a second. When she began pouring syrup on the middle of the pancake though, the boy whacked the princess button with his spoon and roared,

"I don't want a puddle! I want wiggle-waggles!"



Barbara Anne was in such a hurry she didn't scold or anything, but slid that pancake to her own plate and gave her bad-acting baby brother another pancake.

"Now pour the syrup in wiggle-waggle rivers!" he commanded, and she did.

After breakfast when brother Jimmy learned why Barbara Anne was in such a hurry that she seemed full of springs, he looked troubled.

"Barby," he said, "I haven't told you before because I didn't want to spoil your fun, but you must not go down to the lane to-day. The swinging tree is going to be cut down with axes. Honest truth."

"Who said so?" she asked with her nose uplifted. Barbara Anne thought Jimmy was trying to tease her as usual.

"Honest truth, it is. You know as well as I do that the old house is being made over and the folks are coming back to live in it soon."

Barbara Anne nodded. She knew the delightful story. A little girl who was born in the house, but had moved away when she was a wee child, had grown up and was coming back to live there with a little girl of her own.

"Well," Jimmy went on, "they are so rich they have hired a man to come here that they call a landscape gardener and he is cutting down everything he doesn't like. He is going to cut down all the bushes in the lane and the swinging tree. I heard him say 'And that scraggly old apple tree must go!'"

Barbara Anne only laughed. To the button princess she said, "Don't you worry!" The button princess didn't worry; neither did the button boys.

Soon after, Barbara and her button-string were on their way to the swinging tree, and sure enough it was one of the lovliest sights in the world. Barbara Anne sang a song of her own that was never in any song book, about apple blossoms and birds and blue sky, while she climbed the tree and then sat high up with her back against its comfortable trunk.

"Now, button princess," said she at last, as she took the button off the string, "you have been

rocked by the buttercups, you have played with the violets and you have sat in the dandelion's throne of gold. This morning you shall be held in the arms of an apple blossom, and if you fall asleep up here you shall be covered with soft, satin petals, the pinkest ones the dear old mother tree will give me. The button boys must now listen quietly while I read you a lovely poem I have brought along. I think I shall sing the poem."

Suddenly the singing was interrupted by Jimmy's voice below. "Hey, Sis," he called, "come on with me and go fishing. I'll take you!"

Barbara Anne was so startled that, as she looked down upon Jimmy's head with hair sticking through the top of his torn straw hat, she touched the blossom which held the button princess, and down fell the shining button, her diamond flashing in the sun.

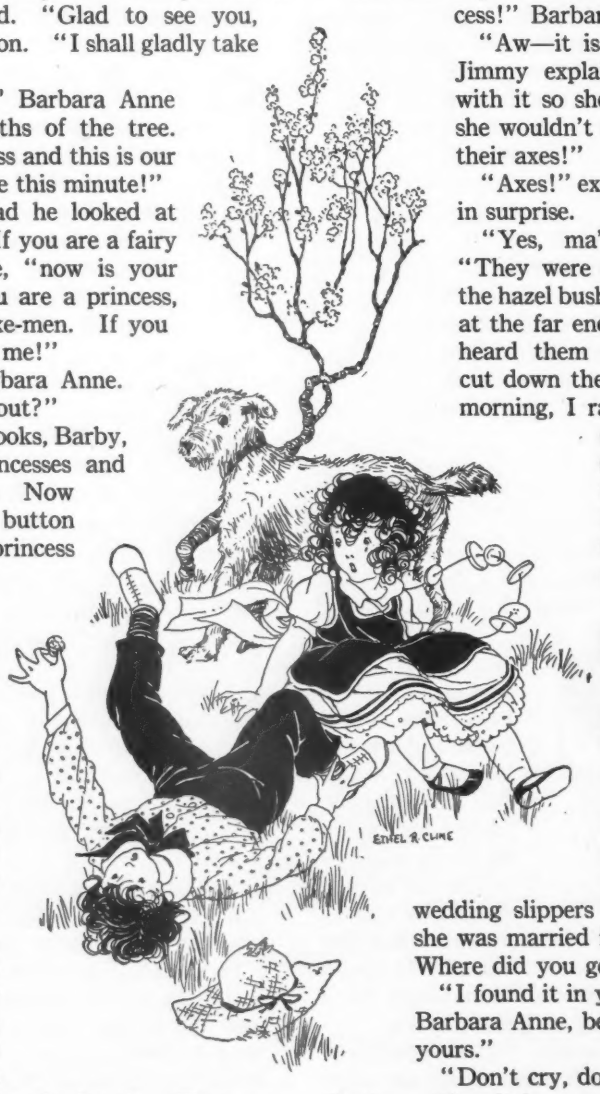
Jimmy picked her up instantly. He than yanked at his old hat and bowed. "Glad to see you, madam," said he to the button. "I shall gladly take you fishing."

"Of course, you won't!" Barbara Anne called from the green depths of the tree. She is a regular fairy princess and this is our palace. You give her to me this minute!"

Jimmy wouldn't. Instead he looked at the button in his hand. "If you are a fairy princess, madam," said he, "now is your chance to prove it. If you are a princess, save your tree from the axe-men. If you are a toad, you come with me!"

"A toad!" shrieked Barbara Anne. "What are you talking about?"

"In your own fairy tale books, Barby, toads often turn into princesses and princesses turn into toads. Now you look intently at this button and you will see that your princess has turned into a button toad with a jewel in her forehead. I think I shall have to find two stones and smash the toad button and get the jewel!"



Down slid Barbara Anne from the tree to get the button away from Jimmy, who began running down the lane. They ran and they ran and they ran until they reached a fence. Jimmy climbed the fence. Barbara Anne climbed the fence. They ran and they ran and they ran until they came to a brook. Jimmy jumped over the brook. Barbara Anne jumped over the brook. They ran and they ran and they ran until Jimmy dashed into the highway and went bumpety-bump into a young man who was talking with a lovely mother and her little girl.

Barbara Anne ran bump into both of them, and down the three went on the top of a big dog and then on the ground. The big dog got away but he tripped a workman who was standing near, and the workman stumbled over a wheelbarrow full of earth and down the hill the wheelbarrow went bumpety-bang, and then SPLASH, into the river at the bottom. A cow was in the river getting a drink of water. She was so surprised and scared by the strange actions of the wheelbarrow that she said, "Maw, maw, maa-aaw—MAW!" loud, like that.

By this time Barbara Anne was crying and Jimmy was looking as if he would like to drop through to China.

"What is all this about?" inquired the lovely mother gently, although she was smiling, while the fine young man brushed dust from his clothes.

"He—he—my brother ran away with the princess!" Barbara Anne sobbed.

"Aw—it is nothing but a button," Jimmy explained, "and I ran away with it so she would run, too, and so she wouldn't see the men coming with their axes!"

"Axes!" exclaimed the lovely mother in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," Jimmy went on. "They were starting in cutting down the hazel bushes that the squirrels need, at the far end of the lane, and when I heard them say they were going to cut down the old apple tree, this very morning, I ran to get my sister away somehow, so she wouldn't see it die. She loves that tree more'n she does me, I guess. Anyway she dropped the button and I ran with her old princess."

"Allow me to meet the princess, if you please," begged the lovely mother.

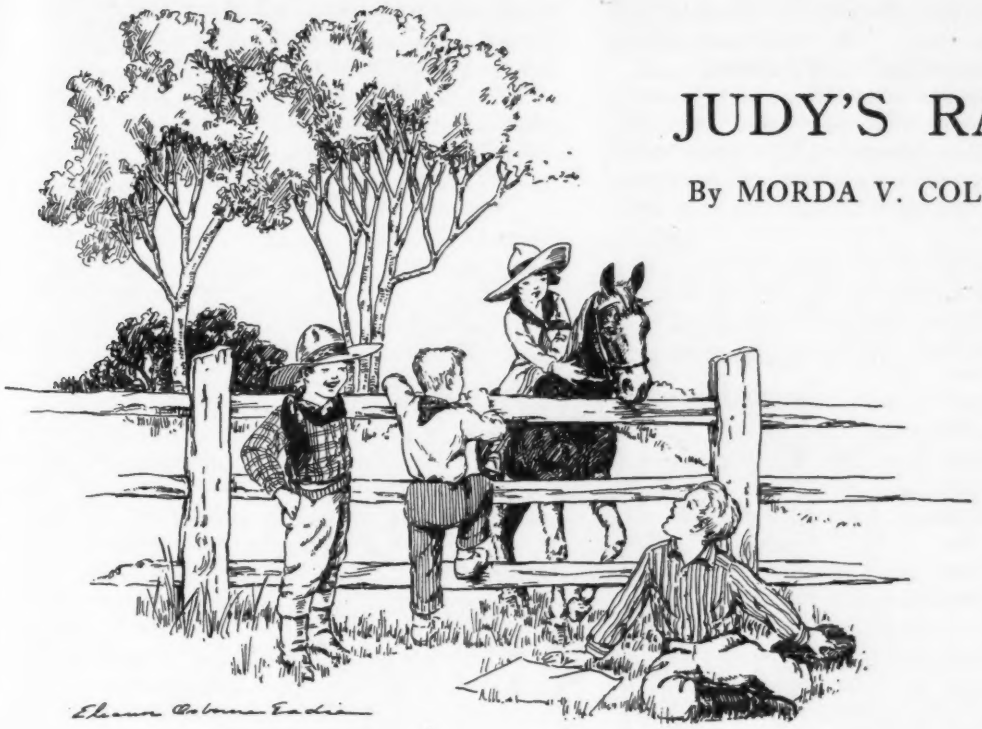
When the shining button was placed in the lovely mother's hand, she gasped with surprise.

"Why," said she, "this is exactly like the button that my grandmother lost from one of her white satin wedding slippers from Paris, the very day she was married in our old house up there! Where did you get this button, little girl?"

"I found it in your own house," answered Barbara Anne, between sobs. "It is surely yours."

"Don't cry, don't cry, you shall keep the button. Here it is; you shall keep it, and my little girl must start a button-string with the other. You must come and play with my little girl all summer. You shall see the slippers and hear the old stories. Don't cry, you darling little girl, please don't!"

(*Continued on page 305*)



JUDY'S RACE

By MORDA V. COLEMAN

A LOW, surprised whistle broke out as the largest boy sitting on the top rail of the sprawling fence turned to face the two smaller ones.

"Are you tryin' to tell me a girl can beat me ridin' a horse? Say, don't you know I been ridin' afore I could walk?" Jim laughed loudly and slapped his knee with the fur cap he had pulled off his shaggy hair. "You haven't seen my Spanish horse yet. I bought her from an old Shoshone Indian who said he got her mother when his tribe was tradin' way south. The Donna, I call her. She can beat any horseflesh you got in this little burg—and a girl!"

He fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a large bill poster.

"Read this!"

Jed leaned closer and read slowly: "Big Pony Race for all Under Fifteen! Fair Grounds—Sept. 15. Silver-Mounted Saddle to be given as a prize."

"Saddle is a beauty. It's as good as mine already," went on Jim boastingly. "No horse in town can beat The Donna."

"Don't care if your horse is Spanish," affirmed Jed stoutly. "Our cousin, Judy Prentiss, can beat anything with Three Legs."

"Three Legs? Hasn't her horse but three legs?"

"Course she has," snapped Harry, smallest of the three boys. "Judy just calls her that 'cause she's got three white legs and one black one. Our ponies are prettier than Three Legs but, say, when Judy races with us we might as well be tied to the fence here."

"Why, the very idea! Racing's not for girls anyhow," said Jim scornfully, "and I sure plan—"

What Jim planned was to remain a secret.

The boys had been arguing so loudly they had not heard the quick thud of horse's hoofs in the pasture. Jim suddenly fell off the fence, propelled from behind by an energetic pony's nose.

"How dare you laugh at Three Legs?" stormed Judy as she sat on her prancing pony and shook black locks out of stormy gray eyes. "I'll race you any time and beat your old Donna."

"Bet you can't," shouted Jim, on the ground but still unconvinced.

"You'll see, Mr. Brag!" Judy was off again to the lane at the far end of the field.

As she rode her mind was busy. She had overheard Jed reading the poster about the pony race. Indeed, she had heard the race mentioned before by her father who shared her ardent love for horses and was planning to attend the fair.

"The poster doesn't say just boys; and Jim *shan't* make fun of my pony. You'd like to race, wouldn't you, Three Legs?" A gentle whinny and an upward prick of one black ear indicated the pony would be glad to do her best at the fair.

Whereupon they jumped the pasture bars and in five minutes Judy dashed into the house, banging the door behind her.

"Judy, when will you learn to act like a lady instead of a boy?" sighed her mother who sat in the sunny window, knitting. For Judy and her cousins lived almost fifty years ago when mothers still knit stockings for their families, especially mothers who lived on the large cattle ranches of Washington, as Judy's mother did.

"Wish I was a boy. But can't I go to the fair with Father next week? I do want to see all the Indians with their ponies," Judy coaxed.

Her wheedling was successful.

Early on a sunny morning a week later Mr. Prentiss on big, gray Major and little Judy on her pony with the three white legs started on the sixteen-mile ride to the town where the fair was to be held. The fall sunshine was hot, and the roads ankle deep in dust, by the time they reached the home of Mr. Prentiss' brother and were greeted with lively shouts from Jed and Harry who were always glad to see Judy. The horses were led away to the barn, Judy insisting upon taking Three Legs.



"Jed," whispered Judy, excitedly, when they were in the barn, "I'm going to race."

"Race?" exclaimed the boy.

"In the pony race," returned Judy. "Three Legs is going to beat Jim. The posters don't say that girls can't try. Now, listen!" And a whispered conversation followed until soon they were called to dinner.

"May we ride our ponies to the fair to-day?" asked Jed when the meal was well started. "Mr. Stuart said we could tie them by his barn."

"I'm afraid of a runaway or something with such crowds in town," began his mother.

"No more danger than when the boys were out with the cattle this summer," said his father. "Sure, let them do it."

Judy said not a word but tried to eat her dinner without letting anyone know how excited she was.

"Where's Judy?" asked her father half an hour later. When he went to the barn and saw that Three Legs was gone, he laughed and knew that Judy had ridden with the boys.

In the meantime Judy and Jed and Harry had arrived safely at the Stuart barn and luckily found the Stuarts already gone to the fair. Judy untied a little bundle from the back of her saddle and slipped into the feed room while the boys kept watch.

"Do I still look too much like a girl?" she inquired anxiously a few moments later. She was dressed in rude trousers and coat of buckskin with a broad brimmed hat pulled down over her eyes. Her short, black locks were tucked safely out of sight beneath the hat. "This was what I wore when Father and I were in the mountains last summer."

"You're all right," said Jed after a critical inspection, "if you keep your hair back and don't yell like a girl when the race starts."

"Jed! You know I won't."

"Now you ride Three Legs over to the fence behind the track," continued Jed. "Tie her up there and keep out of sight in that old shed. I'll watch and let you know when to come out."

The procession started, Judy riding and the two boys walking. After a roundabout trip they arrived at the fence. Judy disappeared from sight. Jed and Harry stood in front of the pony in order to keep those famous three white legs from sight.

"Clear track for pony race! Riders out!" bawled the starter hoarsely.

Jed jumped a foot.

"Gee! Hurry and call Judy, Harry."

Jed tightened the saddle girths and hastened to untie the pony. In a moment Judy darted out of the shed, jumped on the pony's back, and with a little excited laugh was off. She picked her place, second from the inside, and wheeled Three Legs into position only an instant before the race started. The signal was sounded and the riders were off.

Judy clung to the saddle like a little burr, leaning far forward to whisper encouragement to Three Legs.

"Steady, girl, till we get around this first curve," she said softly.

A quarter of the way around the track, the confused jumble of a dozen ponies and riders had straightened out to a double line, with two or three already falling to the rear. Half way around and Judy was neck and neck with Jim on The Donna on the inside. Two other riders were just ahead of them.

"Beat 'em, Judy!" yelled Jed and Harry as she shot by.

Judy did not hear them or see the boy beside her but Jim caught the last word and ventured a side look.

"It's a girl," he yelled as they swept by the

starter's stand.

His words were drowned in the clatter of horses and shouting and no one heard him except Judy.

"Start goin', Three Legs," called Judy then, as they went around the curve on the second and last lap of the race. Three Legs started. Inch by inch and foot by foot she steadily drew up on the two riders ahead. But Jim stuck right beside her.

On and on they went, in a cloud of dust so great that the watchers could not distinguish one racer from another.

"Ready, Three Legs," yelled Judy as she leaned far out over the pony's neck and dug her sharp heel into its ribs. Three Legs answered with a spurt of speed that left Jim and The Donna behind, a few feet, and brought her abreast of the two leaders. There was less than a quarter of the track left!

"We've got to win, Three Legs!" Judy was desperate now. She had lost her hat and her black hair was streaming behind her, but she did not know it. "Faster, faster!" she cried with sobbing breath.

There came a leap forward and a lengthening of the pony's stride which fairly made Judy's ears ring. She had not known that Three Legs could go so fast.

"Hey, stop!" She heard someone calling after her. "You don't need to ride round again, sonny."

With an effort she pulled Three Legs down to a canter and discovered that she was far past the judges' stand. She turned around and started back to meet a man on horseback who was coming after her.

"Jiminy crickets, if it isn't Judy Prentiss! What do you mean by winning the boys' pony race?" he asked in surprise.

"It—it wasn't a boys' race," stammered Judy, all excitement and confusion. Could it be true she had really won? She tried to keep her excitement out of her voice. "The posters said anybody under fifteen—"

The man stared at her a moment and then started to laugh.

"You're right, girl. Good joke on the boys. I'm proud to see you get the saddle, for that was the finest pony race I've seen on this track or any other track, for that much!" And the man continued to chuckle.

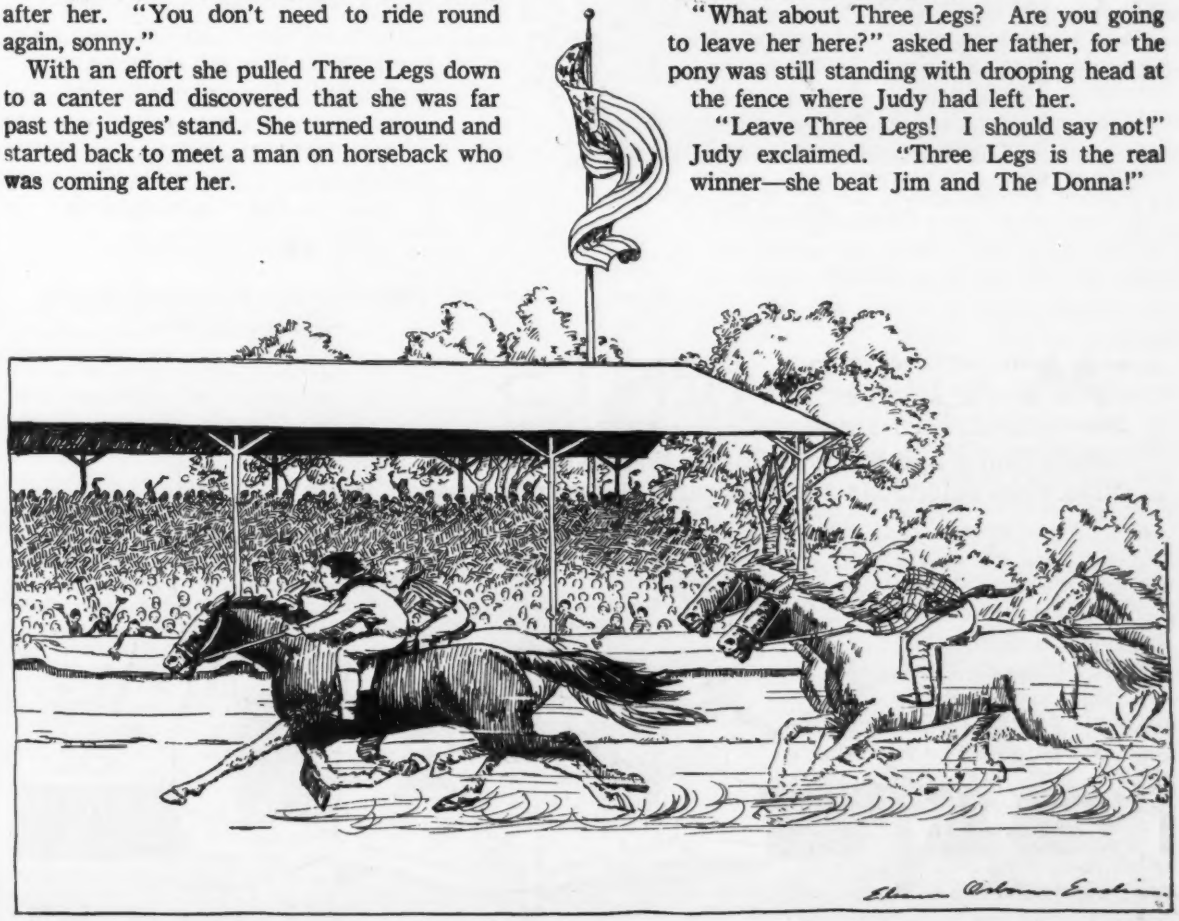
In a dream Judy rode up to the judges' stand to find her father there, even more excited than she was. In a dream she heard the shouting of the crowd and the judges' speech when presenting her with the silver-mounted saddle she had been so anxious to win.

Then suddenly she woke up. She was only a little girl after all, covered with dust and very tired and hot. And all at once she became conscious of the fact that she was wearing boy's clothes.

"Daddy, please take me home, quick," she whispered, catching a glimpse of the crowd of people waiting to congratulate her. "I just can't talk to all those folks now."

"What about Three Legs? Are you going to leave her here?" asked her father, for the pony was still standing with drooping head at the fence where Judy had left her.

"Leave Three Legs! I should say not!" Judy exclaimed. "Three Legs is the real winner—she beat Jim and The Donna!"



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DO YOU know that, in addition to infant's and children's underwear, **"M"** Garments also include boy's and girl's sleeping garments? The summer garments are made in cool, light weight pajama check and crinkle cloth fabrics—offering the utmost in comfort for warm summer nights. Dainty styles for girls and mannish styles for boys.

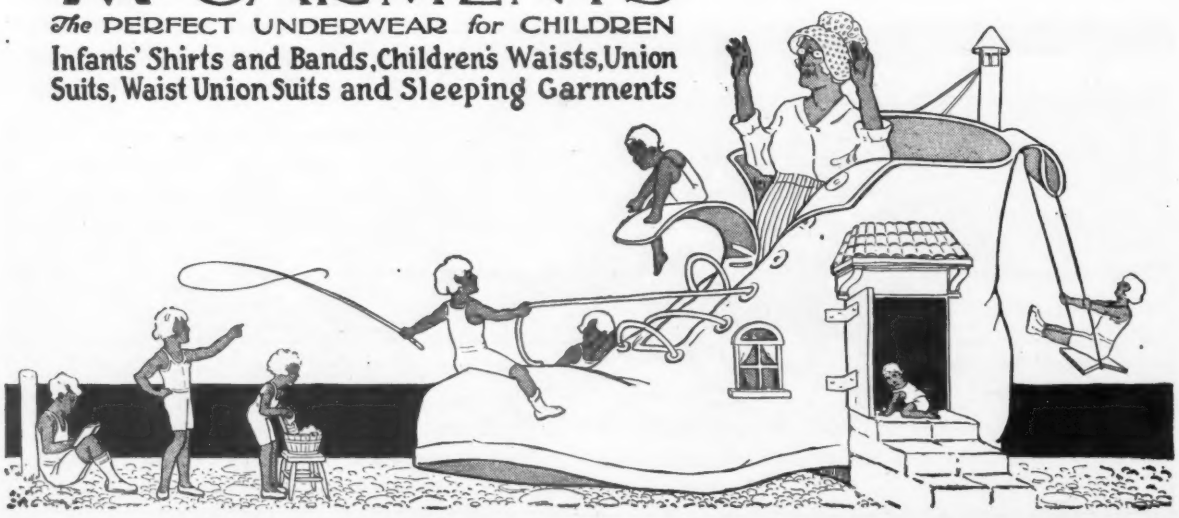
Like all **"M"** Garments, they are made in full sizes, skilfully tailored and neatly finished. For years, millions of mothers have relied on the **"M"** trademark as a certainty of satisfaction. Ask for **"M"** garments at your Dry Goods Store.

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JUST AROUND OUR CORNER

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "*The Boarded Up House*," "*Melissa-Across-the-Fence*," "*The Girl Next Door*," "*When a Cobbler Ruled a King*," etc.

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

When Alma Burton moves from New York to Cedarcrest, a New England village, she finds jolly playmates, just around the corner, in two of the Moffat children—Angel, alias Theodore, who looks like a cherub, but doesn't act like one, and twelve-year-old Alice Ann, called Penoochia, because she makes so much brown sugar candy. Misses Euphemia and Phoebe Cady live in the mysterious house next door, and Alma learns that these two prim, sad, old ladies never visit their neighbors and never allow anyone inside their house. Not a desire to pry but a real desire to help, makes the girls form their secret H. T. C. C. —Help The Cadys Club—a club which Angel also joins. The children happen to read a "personal" among the classified advertisements of a New York newspaper, signed Philo, which asks for information about Euphemia, Phoebe and Shirley Cady. Tucked in the center of a bunch of wild flowers, they send the "personal" to the Cady sisters. This causes Miss Euphemia to leave very suddenly for New York, without a word of explanation to her sister, and Miss Phoebe is so shocked and grieved that she is unable to leave her bed. For some time she has allowed Alma to run errands for her, and now she is forced to allow the children to come in and help with the housework and cooking. They are surprised to find that Shirley, the pretty little black-haired niece of the Cady sisters, has been living with them for several days. Shirley is as mystified by the strange behavior of her aunts as are the neighbors. She had never seen them until a short time before when they had made arrangements to adopt her and take her away from the kind Mrs. Simmons who had been paid to look after her. She had been brought to the Cady house in the middle of the night, leaving the train and driving over from another town. Shirley is very lonely in this strange house and eager to have Penoochia and Alma play with her, but as soon as Miss Phoebe is able to be up, she tells Alma, very emphatically, that she will not need them any longer. There is nothing for them to do but leave, but before they go Angel calls their attention to the model of a ship on the mantel—"The Sally Severn—Gloucester." In another room he has noticed a portrait of a handsome young man, completely covered by a velvet curtain, and through the open window in the painting can be seen a ship like the model in the parlor. Realizing that Miss Phoebe is worrying about her sister's disappearance, the children send a "personal" to be inserted in a New York newspaper, asking Miss Euphemia to hurry home. After this, Angel announces that he has another scheme and that he will show them what it is if Shirley will come and sit by her window.



CHAPTER VIII

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

AT FIRST Angel wanted us to come right over into their yard and stay under the big cherry tree near Shirley's window and watch to see if she would come and sit there. But I said I'd have to wait in my own yard and see if they wanted me to do any errands, because I was sure they'd need things soon. I hadn't been asked to do any the day before. So he and Penoochia decided to watch in their yard for Shirley and I stayed in mine. And, sure enough, Miss Phoebe came out after a while and I went over to the hedge and she handed me a list of things and the money as usual, only asking me to hurry as quickly as possible because she needed the flour.

I asked her if she was feeling better and she said, "I manage to get around. Please do not ask any more questions, but get back with the flour." Of course, after that, I didn't dare say a word! I thought she looked more than usually cross and stern and I wondered whether it was because she was worrying about her sister. But I was to find out—sooner than I had expected!

After I'd come back from doing the errands, I scrambled over into the Moffat yard and found the two

very much excited.

"Shirley's come to sit by her window!" cried Penoochia, "and Angel is going to start his scheme. Just you watch him!"

I waved to Shirley who was sitting right near the window and then turned to watch Angel who was busy fussing with a long fishline, to which he had fastened an arrow from his archery set. On the handle of the arrow was a piece of paper and Penoochia told me it was a note to Shirley, telling her to pull up the line till she had enough to reach from her window to us, fasten it around the leg of her chair so that she'd have that much length free, and then throw the end with the arrow out the window.

We all held our breath while Angel motioned her to get away from the window out of reach. She understood and did it and he shot the arrow with a fine aim, landing it plump right inside, evidently on the floor. Then we waited to see if she'd understand the directions. After two or three minutes she began to pull up the line and next thing we knew, she had dropped the arrow down outside, precisely as Angel had said. He was over the fence and back with it so quickly that I hardly realized what he was doing.



"Now we'll see what's what!" he cried and strung that end to a pulley which was to run up and down the part of the cord that was fastened at the top to Shirley's chair and at the bottom to a railing in the fence. Then he took a piece of paper, and wrote on it: "Write to us and fasten it to the pulley," and shouted and motioned to Shirley to pull. She pulled first on the line that was fastened and, of course, it wouldn't move. But she soon had the sense to try the other, and up went the pulley and our note. It was the best way of sending messages that I'd ever imagined and I began to think Angel was very clever.

We waited a long time before anything else occurred, but finally we saw Shirley fastening something to the pulley, and pretty soon down it slid of its own weight. There was quite a letter fastened to it and we all crowded around to read. It certainly gave us the surprise of our lives, for this is what it said:

"Something awful has happened. I have done something that has made Aunt Phoebe feel very bad and she is very provoked with me. Yesterday, while I was waiting downstairs for you to come into the yard and I could let you in the back door, I got to going round the rooms here, just to see what they were like, because I was so tired of just being upstairs all the time. I didn't think there was any harm in it. I walked around the parlor and looked at the queer ship on the mantel, and then I opened that door into the other room that was shut. It opened kind of hard, but I pushed at it. I thought it had just kind of stuck the way doors sometimes do.

"But when it was opened, I saw that the room was all dark and stuffy, and so I didn't go in but just shut the door again and went to look for you. Then I forgot all about it. This morning we slept rather late, but soon after Aunt Phoebe came to wake me, she went downstairs, and was gone a long time.

"All of a sudden, just a little while ago, she came up and stalked in here and looked at me with such frightened eyes that I was positively scared. 'You went into that room, downstairs!' she cried. 'Where did you get the key?' I tried to tell her that it wasn't locked and that I'd just pushed the door open and come right out again because it was so dark. But she wouldn't pay any attention, and began to say strange things about the shutter being open and the curtain having been disarranged. I couldn't understand her at all. And then she began to cry and went out and shut my door very hard, and I haven't seen her since. I don't know what to do. She won't seem to believe that I didn't

know anything about a key and I'm afraid she is grieved with me. I'm so miserable."

That was all. She didn't even say how much she liked the new way we'd invented of talking to her, but, of course, she was too much upset to think of that. I suddenly stood up and faced the others. I must have talked fast and hard, for Penoochia said afterward that she could hardly understand me.

"This is *too* much!" I almost shouted. "I won't stand it. That poor little thing is suffering for what we did. *We* went in there yesterday when, I suppose, we hadn't any business to and *we* opened the shutter and pulled that velvet curtain aside and looked at the picture. I guess we must have forgotten and left the shutter open and probably didn't fix the curtain back the way it ought to have been. And now poor little Shirley is having to stand the blame of it all."



"But what did Miss Phoebe mean by saying it was *locked?*" demanded Penoochia.

"Don't ask me," I answered. "That's a riddle I can't guess. But I'm going to do something right this minute. I'm going over there and see Miss Phoebe and explain to her just what we did!"

"*You're not!*" whispered Penoochia in such a scared voice that I almost laughed. But Angel said he thought I was dead right and that he'd go with me and tell Miss Phoebe it was all his fault to begin with.

I said, no, he'd better keep away because Miss Phoebe'd probably get so annoyed if she saw him around that she wouldn't listen to us. And he decided that I was right but that he didn't want me to have to face the music alone. I said I'd be horribly scared if it wasn't for getting poor little Shirley out of the scrape and dashed over the fence and up to the Cady's back door before I had time to think any more about it.

I knocked and knocked the longest time and there was no answer. But finally I heard Miss Phoebe unbolting the door (they must have kept it locked all the time) and there she stood, looking very cross indeed. But there were traces of tears on her cheeks and that took away some of the angry expression. She asked me what I wanted in a very surprised and not very encouraging voice. I hardly knew how to answer her, for I suddenly realized that in telling her all this, I'd have to tell her about our new way of talking with Shirley or she wouldn't understand it at all.

So I stammered, "I've something to—to tell you, Miss Phoebe, and —and it may take quite a little while —and—and—I hate to keep you standing so long. Might I—come in while I say it—and—and let you sit down?"

She stared at me the longest time without saying a word and then she sort of gasped, "I can't imagine what you mean, child. What can you have to say to me? But—er—if it's necessary as—hum—you seem to think, come in. I shall be glad to sit down. I am rather tired."

And so I found myself in the Cady house again and sitting in the dim parlor, looking at the old ship model on the mantel and not daring at all to look toward the door of the room we were having so much trouble about. Miss Phoebe sat opposite me in a very stiff, high-backed chair, and I couldn't see her face at all because the windows were at her back. I don't know how I ever managed it, but somehow, before I realized it, I was telling her the whole thing, even about how we'd wondered if she and her sister were in trouble, and what happened the night I was waked by the taxicab, and how we'd formed a club to help her and her sister, and how we had just invented a way of talking to Shirley, and everything. The only thing I didn't get a chance to tell was about the "personal" we'd found. I said it was our fault about going into the room yesterday, but that we'd found the door unlocked and hadn't really meant to go where we weren't supposed to.

And at that, Miss Phoebe said, "I cannot understand about that door. I always keep it locked. The—er—the room is not used. I never go in there

(*Continued on page 302*)

The little boy who never had a good time

THIS is a true story about a little boy named Herbert who lives in a small town in Virginia. He didn't look the way a 9 year old boy should. His face was white and rather pinched. And his legs were so thin that he was too tired to run and play as hard as the other children. After a while he was always left out of games. In school poor Herbert couldn't seem to learn as fast as other boys and girls. He brought home poor report cards which made his father and mother very unhappy. And he was always so cross and nervous that he didn't even feel like eating the nice meals his mother fixed for him.

They were almost in despair about Herbert, when one day he came home from school with some very interesting things. A chart (just like the one you see here), 3 Little Books for his mother, and a can of milk called Eagle Brand.

It seems the teacher had discovered what was the matter with Herbert and had a wonderful plan to make him better. "Just follow these rules," she said, "and see what happens."

So Herbert's mother tacked up the chart where the family could all see it, and every day Herbert put down little marks to show he had followed all the 11 rules.

One rule was to drink a glass of Eagle Brand every day. On school days his teacher gave it to him at recess. On Saturdays and Sundays he had it at home. But he never missed a day with his Eagle Brand.

Then a wonderful thing began to happen. Herbert's face lost its pinched look and rosy color crept into his cheeks. His thin legs became strong and sturdy and never felt tired any more. In fact, he could run faster than many of the other children. Soon they all wanted Herbert to be on *their* side when they played games. His marks in school were better than ever before. And eat! Why his mother just couldn't fill Herbert up any more.

At the end of each week Herbert got weighed. And what do you think! In 12 weeks he had gained 13½ lbs.!

You see, that was the secret! The whole trouble had been that Herbert didn't weigh enough. But following the rules and taking Eagle Brand every day gave him the pounds he needed to make him happy and attractive and a good sport.

Now Herbert is known as the little boy who *always* has a good time.

HEALTH RECORD
for one week

DAILY HEALTH HABITS	SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
1. I played out of doors							
2. I took a bath on each day checked							
3. I was in bed 10 hrs. last night with my window open							
4. I washed my face, ears, neck, hands and wore clean clothes							
5. I drank 4 glasses of water today							
6. I went to the toilet at the regular time							
7. I brushed my teeth twice today							
8. I ate vegetables such as spinach, peas, carrots							
9. I ate fruit such as prunes, oranges, apples							
10. I ate cereals such as oatmeal, cream of wheat							
11. I drank my regular glass of Eagle Brand milk today							

Wouldn't you like to have a chart to fill out just like the one Herbert had? Ask your mother to write us and we will send you one. You have no idea what fun it is to follow the rules and see how much you weigh each week—and how much better you feel for work and play.

MOTHERS: This little boy is not an imaginary child at all. He is just as real as your own children. And his story is only one of many that come to us from grateful mothers who have built up their children's weight, improved their appetite, appearance and general health by following a simple home regime of good health habits, well-balanced diet and daily feedings of Eagle Brand.

This well-known health food is proving of great value for growing children. It helps both *correct* and *protect* against malnutrition, that dangerous condition of undernourishment to which all children are susceptible.

Eagle Brand is rich full-cream milk—a child's natural food, with all the bone-and-muscle-building properties and the essential vitamins—combined with sugar, a source of extra energy that children need. It is recommended, not as a substitute for bottled milk, but as a supplement to it, supplying extra calories in the diet.

Many schools serve Eagle Brand every day. In homes everywhere it has become part of the daily diet.

If *your* children are the least bit underweight, pale, listless, finicky about their eating—common symptoms of malnutrition—start in at once on this same program, described in detail in

THE 3 LITTLE BOOKS

They give complete information on child health—diets, menus, and recipes—height and weight charts—general health rules—special advice on adolescence, etc. Mail the coupon below for *your* free set.



THE BORDEN COMPANY
829 Borden Building
350 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free set of the 3 Little Books.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



LESSON No. 15

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

THIS is the month when we promised to have another baking lesson for our cooks. Isn't it jolly how we all like to bake things? And there is another reason for having this lesson in the late spring, but we are not going to tell what the reason is till the very, very end of the lesson. So guess if you can and then see, at the end, if you were right!

Before we go on with the regular lesson, we must tell you something that one cook wrote to us the other day. She said, "I am a new CHILD LIFE cook and I like the recipes so much. My mother says it is important to know how to cook, but it is also important to be clean. So I wash my hands each time before I cook." Then she tells all the things she has been cooking.

Of course, that was a *very* nice letter to get and we were so pleased. But we were surprised, too, because we thought we had been saying quite as much about clean hands as any mother possibly could. We got out the pile of magazines (we keep them in a certain corner and loan them around to girls and boys, you know) and looked back over the Child Life Kitchens and, sure enough, we hadn't said one single thing about clean hands for ever so long! No wonder a new cook thought maybe we had never heard of scrubbing up! So this next paragraph is for all the new cooks who have moved into our Kitchen in the last few months.

We are *very* particular about cleanliness, very! Before we begin cooking we scrub our hands with soap and much vigor—that means hard scrubbing. Then we clean our finger nails and rub them dry and shining. Then we put on a clean apron and are ready for work. Some of us, both girls and boys, who are extra particular, put on a white cap to match the aprons and that gives us a very professional look, we think.

We are clean about the room we work in, too. Before we begin, we see to it that the table is spotlessly clean, and then when we are finished, we leave it that same way. We wash, and put away in their right places, all the dishes and pans and utensils we use, and we sweep up any crumbs from the floor. If we are having a lesson that might lead us to be mussy—such as measuring much flour or the like—we spread down an old newspaper on the floor in front of the work table. It is sensible to save work, and a good cook never makes unnecessary labor for herself or anyone else.

Oh, and one more thing! We are careful to keep our notebook in a clean place and to have our hands clean when we touch it. We don't care for finger-marked or messy notebooks in *our* nice kitchen, do we? And now we are ready for the lesson.

This month we are making brown bread—the best brown bread you ever ate. Doesn't that sound good? You will need cooking molasses, soda, salt, baking powder, raisins, bran, corn meal, white flour *or* whole wheat flour and milk, so look in the pantry and see that you have everything before you begin.

For utensils you will need a saucepan, a measuring cup, a mixing bowl, a teaspoon and mixing spoon and two bread pans. Use the sized pan that makes a long, narrow loaf about the pound size or smaller. Before beginning your cooking, cut papers to fit the bottom of each pan (paper without printing, of

(Continued on page 304)





OUR POSY PATCH

Conducted by LOUISE S. HUBBARD

EVERY little spot of ground where the sun shines can be a garden! At the side of the front steps, at the corner of the yard, along the back fence, you can raise the prettiest of posies. Even if you have no yard, you have a porch or window visited by Mr. Sun, and there you can raise your posies in a box.

First, let us see how we can plant a tiny garden in the yard.



If the garden is by the front steps, we must choose the plants that have beautiful leaves all summer, and we must be careful, too, to have pretty, colored flowers that go together. Blue, yellow, lavender and white flowers always make a happy garden, and so do pink and blue and purple and white flowers, but you cannot put the two gardens together without making all the flowers uncomfortable.

We must measure our ground carefully, no matter where the garden is to be, for we must have our rows for planting nice and straight. If it is by the front steps, first drive a stick into the ground in the corner made by the house and the steps, tie a string to the stick, and pull the string out from the house, along the steps to six inches beyond the line of the last step. Then drive another stake, and tie the string to it. Then take another string or a long stick and measure the distance between the two stakes. Go to the other end of the space to be planted, measure the same distance out from the house and drive a stake into the ground there. Go back and pick up the string, and pull it to the stake you have just driven, and tie it. Then drive a stake at the corner of the house, and tie the string to it. Now you have your garden properly staked. Ask a grown-up to spade the space inside the string, turning it over well. Then we must rake the soil over and over again, until all the top is as smooth and as fine as if it were sugar.

Now we are ready to plant our seeds. Let us begin with the yellow and blue garden. One package each of dwarf nasturtiums, ageratum, blue perfection, tall African marigold, aster lavender gem, and aster giant branching white, will make it lovely all summer.

Lay a board on the front of the soil you have raked smooth, so that you can kneel on the board while you plant the back of the garden. Open a little furrow one foot from the back, and in it sprinkle the marigold seeds. Cover the seeds with a thin sprinkling of soil, just enough so that you cannot see the seeds, then pat down firmly. Move the board forward one foot and open up another furrow. In it sprinkle the aster seeds, both colors mixed together. Cover as you did the marigolds. Move your board one foot and open up another furrow. In it sow the ageratum. Be careful as you sow it, for it is so fluffy you have to take the greatest pains. Move your board one foot and open up the last furrow.

(*Continued on page 309*)





Do away with the Don'ts!

"DON'T get on your knees!" "Don't climb that fence!" "Don't do that!" These, and dozens of other don'ts are annoying to both you and the children. But necessary when their clothes wear out so easily during summer playtime months.

You can do away with the "don'ts" and solve the children's clothing problem by putting them in Lee Play Suits. These attractive and durable suits take the place of more expensive clothing. They are made for the hardest kind of wear. They can "keep up" with even the sturdiest and roughest of youngsters.

We are the largest work clothing manufacturers in the world. We have won a national reputation for manufacturing only garments that stand the hardest kind of wear.

We have applied our experience in making work garments to Lee Play Suits. We know the fabrics that resist wear. We know how to put on buttons that stay on. We know how to make rip-proof buttonholes. We know how to reinforce strain points. That is why Lee Play Suits stand the wear and tear of the hardest kind of play.

But durability is not the only quality of Lee Play Suits. We know they must look neat and attractive. The many styles of khaki, blue or blue stripe garments with red, blue or plain trimmings are all pleasing in appearance. We make them in one piece like Lee Union-Alls—easy to put on or off. We make them roomy and comfortable, allowing plenty of body freedom. Every boy and girl will like them for play.

Examine a pair of Lee Play Suits at your nearest dealer. Feel the sturdy, durable fabric. Note how well the garment is made. Then take home a pair or two for each of the children. If you are unable to find Lee Play Suits nearby, write to our nearest factory.

The children will enjoy the new illustrated in colors, Buddy Lee Drawing Book—16 pages of fun with crayons or water colors. Send 4c in stamps to cover mailing costs.

UNION Lee MADE
Union-Alls
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The H. D. Lee Mercantile Company

Kansas City, Missouri

TRENTON, N. J. SOUTH BEND, IND. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL

Author "The Boy Craftsman," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," "Home-Made Games and Game Equipment," etc.

A NESTING MATERIAL DEPOT

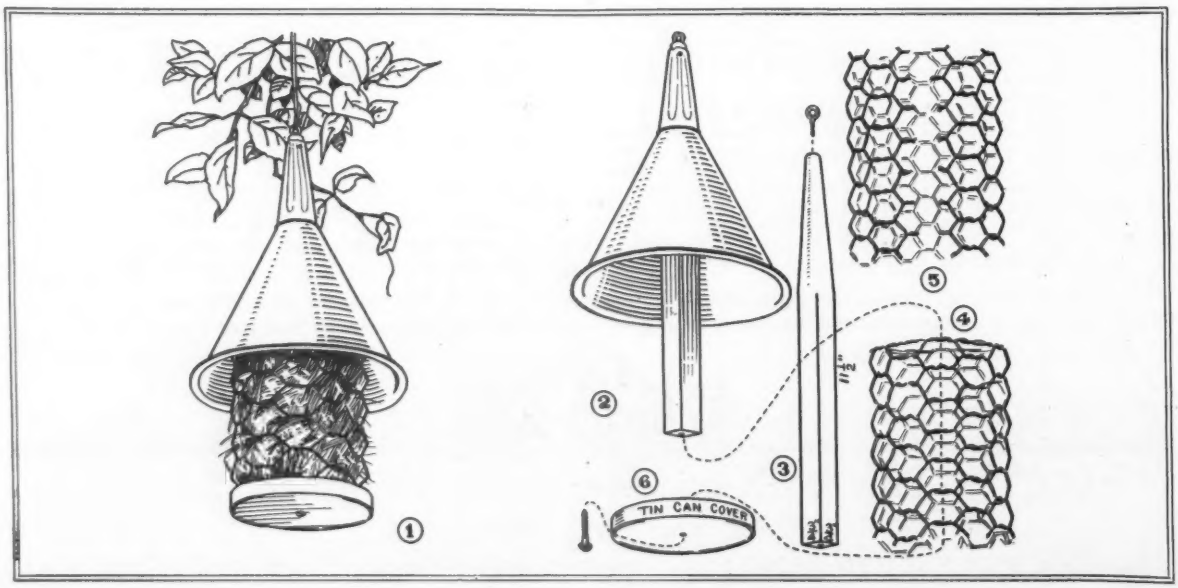
STOCK this little self-help supply depot with bits of string and thread, wisps of dried grass, and combings; hang it from a tree branch in plain view of your window, and you will have the pleasure all season of seeing dozens of feathered shoppers flying to it, then away with nesting material. Indeed, a little luxury such as this often results in more nests in the trees near-by and bird houses, and may make your yard and garden a center of nesting activities.

As you will see by the detail diagrams of Figs. 2 to 6, the depot is made of a tin funnel, a stick, a tin can cover and a piece of poultry netting. The tin funnel forms the roof. That used on the model illustrated measures 6½ inches across the rim, which is plenty large enough. You can buy one for a dime at the hardware or ten-cent store. Cut the center stick support 11½ inches long (Fig. 3), whittle off the end to fit the spout of the funnel, and fasten it with a small nail (Fig. 2). Screw a screw-eye into the top of the stick to attach a hanger to.

A scrap of one-inch poultry netting 6 by 15 inches is needed for the cage. Your hardware dealer will sell a foot of the narrowest width he carries, if you cannot find a small piece. To form the cylinder (Fig. 4), bring the cut ends of the piece of wire together (Fig. 5) and twist them around one another. The diameter of the cylinder will be determined by the size of the cover used for the base. That of the model illustrated is 4 inches.

To assemble the material depot, fit the wire cylinder inside of the rim of the can cover, then slip a screw through a hole punched through the center of the cover, and drive it into the end of the stick support.

Of course, the depot must be painted to preserve it, and for appearance's sake. Apply two coats of green or white paint. You can buy a small can of either, ready mixed, at the paint store.



You never heard a story like this
Now you can have it—FREE

A book of most wonderful adventures and fun—for every boy and girl who likes good things to eat

"LOOK OUT!" Teddy cried, "or it will run into the ditch."

Teddy and Sally were in a beautiful red automobile, with the King of Jumble-Up Town. It was going backwards.

The queer little King laughed. "Oh, no it won't. Everything runs backward or is upside down in Jumble-Up Town."

And it all happened when they were on their way to school. A crack in the sidewalk opened up—a magic crack—and they slid down a long shoot-the-chutes and . . .

But that would be telling, wouldn't it? And it might spoil the fun for you.

Because you can have this book, free.

This tells how

A clever lady has written the story. And a great artist has painted loads of pictures about it.

If you would like to have this book, we'd like to give you one—FREE.

You do this

Boys and girls love CHECKERS. It's delicious. You'll like it.



Waggy upsets the King—in the Roll A. Round's House

This is one of the pictures from the Jumble-Up Town Book. In the book they're much larger and fully colored.

NOTE TO MOTHERS:

We are sure the children will be pleased with this amusing book, and delighted with CHECKERS. And we are sure you'll approve of this wholesome confection—Government food experts say it furnishes the roughage and energy-giving sweet children need.

There is a lot of crisp, fluffy popcorn and delicious peanuts. And over it all there is sweet, golden molasses syrup.

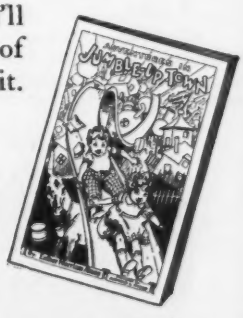
It comes in a red-white-and-blue checkered box. And each box also holds a surprise present, for some lucky boy or girl.

* * * *

Have Mother or Daddy buy you a box of Prize CHECKERS. Enjoy the delicious popcorn-candy. Save the ends of the box or the coupon. Every time you want something good buy CHECKERS and save the ends. In just a few days you'll have 5 of them. Then mail them to:

The CHECKERS LADY, The Shotwell Mfg. Co., P. O. Drawer M., Chicago, Illinois. And she'll send your pretty book right away. You'll have lots of fun with it.





CHECKERS
CANDIED POPCORN

If your dealer does not have genuine CHECKERS—in the checkerboard package—send his name to us. We will see that you are supplied.



HEALTH - CHARACTER - FUN - FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

CAMP NEECARNIS
Big Star Lake
Baldwin, Mich.

Every girl receives the Director's personal attention. Expert councilors Horseback Riding, Water Sports, Hikes. Resident nurse.

Eight week season beginning June 30.

Illustrated Booklet Sent on Request

Miss EDITH C. HOLT, Director
39 Fitch Place, S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan

SEN-A-PE Woodcraft Camp
Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
For Boys 7-16

A superior camp at a moderate price, $150. All camp activities. Free booklet. DR. J. W. MERCER, *Director*.

5 W. Hudson Street YONKERS, N. Y.

INTER OAKS *FOR GIRLS*
Ozark Mountain Camp in Missouri

Land and water sports, archery, crafts, dancing, trips, woodlore. Wild and romantic setting. Enrollment 50. Screened open-air buildings, no tents. All camp comforts. Excellent food. $300. Fifth season. Booklet.

JENNIE FEARN CURRY
3634 Hartford St., St. Louis, Mo.

The exact location of STONE HILL CAMP FOR GIRLS is on top of the world, next door to fairyland, in the magic northlands of Wisconsin. We'd very much like to have you have our catalogue. May we send it to you?

STONE HILL CAMP
FOR GIRLS
1922 Stevens Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

THORPE CAMP

FOR BOYS under 15 years. Bungalows. On Wisconsin Lake. Ponies. Fishing. Unusual care.

For Catalog, Address Box L care of
THORPE ACADEMY, Lake Forest, Ill.

Camping as a Health Measure

Parents know that the most essential element in a successful lifetime is good health. They know that this vital factor requires planning, while the children are young, for the busy years ahead, when exercise and health are too apt to be forgotten.

One of the most satisfactory methods of developing a strong body is, as parents will agree, the systematic life of a summer camp.

OUR DIRECTORY

On these pages are the names of carefully investigated camps and of their directors, who are approved specialists in health and play for children. These men and women are so convinced of the life-time value of good health for children that they spend much time and energy for the greater part of a year in order to contribute their camping experience toward making finer, more robust future citizens for the country.

This is the only camp directory which is designed primarily to assist parents in finding camps which have special accommodations for juniors between the ages of three and thirteen.

ECOLE CHAMPLAIN
FRENCH SUMMER CAMP FOR GIRLS
JULY—AUGUST

150 acre farm on Lake Champlain; one-mile wooded shore, numerous beaches, forests, headlands: special care of diet and health; land and water sports; native French associates. Send for literature of this unique school. Edward D. Collins, Director, Middlebury, Vermont.

FAIRWOOD
FOR YOUR BOY



CAMP FAIRWOOD is located on Torch Lake, Michigan, near Charlevoix, in the famous Traverse Bay region.

Boys from 8–18, well recommended, will be accepted.

All activities are supervised. Resident physician. Food and sanitation the best. Separate Junior, Intermediate and Senior Departments. Juniors given individual care—special quarters.

8th SEASON

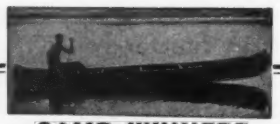
Illustrated booklet free on request.

Address: Capt. M. F. EDER, Ohio Military Institute, Cincinnati, O.

Camp Bryn Afon
FOR GIRLS
Land o' Lakes
ROOSEVELT, WISCONSIN
Ninth Season

Private Lake. Screened Sleeping Bungalows with hardwood floors. Craft Studio. Special Dining Room for Juniors. All Land and Water Sports. Trails for Horseback Riding. Camp Physician, Trained Nurse and Dietitian. Staff of 30 College Women. References required. Booklet—

LOTTA BROADBRIDGE
The Palms
1001 Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.



CAMP WINNEPE
FOR BOYS Sixteenth Year EAGLE RIVER, WIS.

Health, Character, Wholesome Pleasure — Junior, Senior, Midget divisions with separate programs. Beautiful surroundings, excellent facilities for athletics, canoe trips. Physician on staff. Every boy receives individual attention. *Write for booklet.*

HOMER L. THOMAS, Director
1304 29th St., North Birmingham, Ala.

Orchard Hill Camp for Children
ON THE BEAUTIFUL FOX RIVER, FORTY MILES WEST OF CHICAGO

A UNIQUE camp planned exclusively for the younger children. Limited enrollment. Girls three to fourteen, boys three to ten.

Illustrated booklet of information sent on request

Address: DR. EDITH B. LOWRY, Director
ORCHARD HILL CAMP FOR CHILDREN, - - - St. Charles, Ill.



HEALTH - CHARACTER - FUN - FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

TOSEBO CAMP

15th year. On Portage Lake, near Manistee, Mich. A **unique** camp for **young boys.** Wonderland of woods and water. Equipment and features cannot be duplicated in the West. For booklet address Noble Hill, Todd School for Boys, Woodstock, Ill.

CAMP JUNALUSKA *For Girls*

LAKE JUNALUSKA, NORTH CAROLINA

One of the finest "all around camps" in the South for girls of all ages. Junior Department ages 6 to 13. Screened sleeping cabins with counsellor in each. Careful supervision with plenty of sports and good times. Resident physician. A safe place to send your daughter this summer where she will have a happy, healthful, and wholesome vacation. Illustrated booklet sent upon request.

Address MISS ETHEL J. McCOY
Virginia Intermont College, Bristol, Va.

CAMP ARBUTUS

Grand Traverse County, Mich.

Twelfth Season. For Girls 10-20

Water sports and trips. Land sports, riflery, archery, crafts, dramatics and dancing. Resident physician. Correctives. Special attention given children 10-12. Booklet.

EDITH A. STEERE
Packard Road Ann Arbor, Mich.

Top o' the World Camp

A farm camp near Bay View and Petoskey, Michigan. 800 feet above sea level in ozone region of northern Michigan. City water from a deep well. All farm attractions. Three mothers among the councilors. Twenty girls from 12-16. Small group 8-12. No long hikes. Trips by camp autos.

For information address

Top o' the World Camp, Petoskey, Michigan
Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Leavenworth, Managers
Shelley W. Welborn, Assistant

CAMP BAY STATE

TILTON, N. H.

For boys 9-18. Trips to all points of interest in the White Mts., and Lakes in N. H. featured. Sports. Woodcraft Circle. Rifle Range. Nature-Study. Every boy learns to swim.

Write for booklet

MRS. M. M. BALLAM
28 Pierce Street Arlington Heights, Mass.

QUINNEH TUK CAMP

FOR BOYS

Life in the open for younger boys under ideal conditions. Riding horses, ponies and carts, swimming, athletics, mountain climbing, camp fires, table right, moderate expense, no extras. Booklet.

HOWARD A. M. BRIGGS
Twonekonah, Northfield, Mass.

Play For Its Own Sake

GROWING boys and girls find their greatest happiness in outdoor activity. They do not stop to realize that well directed play is their rightful due. In the best possible way they love sport—for its own sake.

But thoughtful parents recognize deeper meanings in the vigorous life of a supervised summer camp for their children. They see that the wholesome, healthy contacts with nature and with other young fellow-beings will develop a sturdy character and will give strength to the spirit.

And parents know also that the camp for each child must be wisely chosen, and fitted for individual needs. There arises the question of selection of the right camp.

OUR SERVICE

THE CHILD LIFE Camp Service, by furnishing the information at its disposal, is aiding a great many parents in the selection of the right Camp for their children.

If you are undecided about a camp to which to send your boy or girl, we are sure our Service will be helpful.

Address
E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Director

CAMP SERVICE

CHILD LIFE

536 S. Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

Camp Minne-Wonka

FOR BOYS

Three Lakes, Wis.



Midgets, 9 to 11, separate from main camp. Juniors 12 to 14; Seniors, 15 to 17. Completely equipped; specialists for camp-craft; physician and nurse on grounds.

Complete information on request

Dr. F. H. EWERHARDT
Barnes Hospital St. Louis, Missouri

BREEZY RIDGE FARM

For Girls 10-16 Years

Hiking, Sports, Nature Study a Specialty, Excellent Food. Personal Supervision, Grounds 150 acres. Limited Enrollment.

Particulars on Request

MRS. CLIFTON H. RICHIE
Franklin, New Hampshire, R. F. D. 1.

KAMP KAIRPHREE

For Fifty Girls

In the pines of northeastern Michigan. On Lake Huron. Land and water sports. Crafts, dancing, nature-study. Tents with floors and mosquito screening. Personal supervision stressed. Staff of college women. Resident nurse. All positions filled.

MRS. G. R. SWAIN, Director
713 E. University Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

CAMP KALLAMUCHEE

Boys under 17 years Calderwood, Tenn.

Former Cherokee Indian camp site on beautiful river. In famed Great Smoky Mts. Excellent table. Experienced camp council. Complete sanitary Equipment. Carefully organized program of land and water sports. Riflery, canoe trips, riding. Physician. *Booklet.*

M. B. BANKS, Dept. R
Univ. of Tenn. Knoxville, Tenn.

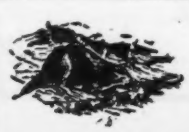
Pine Tree Camp

For GIRLS

15th year On beautiful Naomi Lake

2000 feet above sea, in pine-laden air of Pocono Mountains. Four hours from New York and Philadelphia. Experienced councilors. Horseback riding, tennis, baseball, canoeing, "hikes." Handicrafts, gardening.

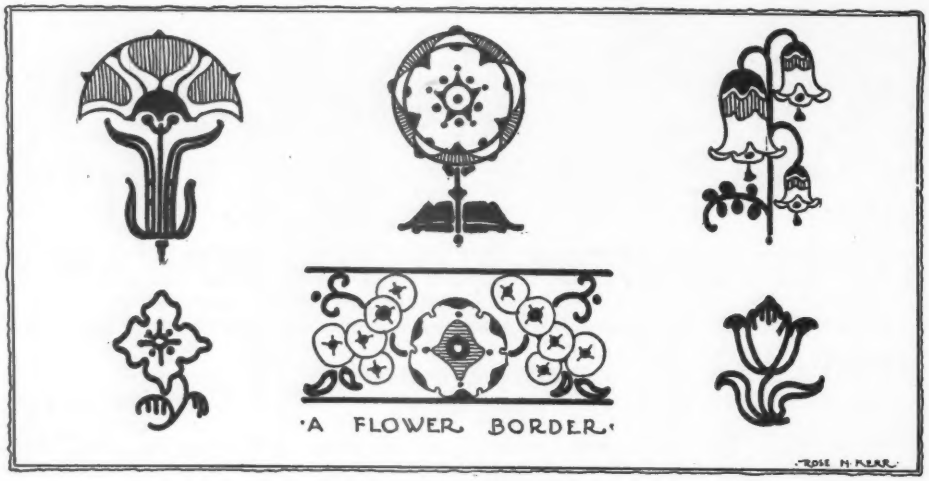
Miss BLANCHE E. PRICE
404 W. School Lane Philadelphia, Pa.



MOSS LAKE CAMP *"The Camp in the Wilderness"*

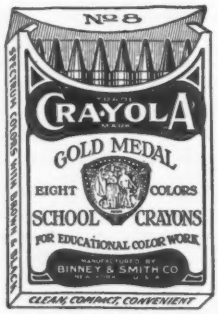
AN Adirondack lake surrounded by a private preserve of unbroken forest devoted entirely to an ideal girls' camp, Rustic Bungalows with a complete bath in each. Electric lights. Exceptionally fine table. All the usual camp activities, plus fishing, archery and rifle practice, and many trips of two days and longer by foot, by horse and by canoe. Camp fee includes tutoring, 6 hours a week of horseback riding and all the usual "extras." Modern Hotel under the same management 3 miles from camp.

Dr. G. C. LONGSTAFF - - EAGLE BAY, N. Y.



A Lesson in Flower Patterns

FLOWERS! How we all love them! What pretty patterns their lovely shapes and colors help us to make! The picture shows some, suggested by Spring flowers. You can copy these, or design your own.



"CRAYOLA" Crayons Eight Colors—10c

First draw the outlines with "CRAYOLA" Crayons. Black outlines will make your flowers stand out strongly. Then fill in the color with "CRAYOLA," in straight, even strokes, or with "ARTISTA" Water Colors. Light colors, such as pink, yellow or blue, make dainty flowers.

The next time you give a party, draw a different flower pattern on each invitation or place card—they will please your little friends.

"CRAYOLA" and "ARTISTA" give the clearest, brightest colors—that is why children prefer them. You can buy them at the stationery or drug store.



"ARTISTA" Water Colors; 8 Colors in enameled tin box—50c

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
41 East 42nd Street New York, N.Y.

WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

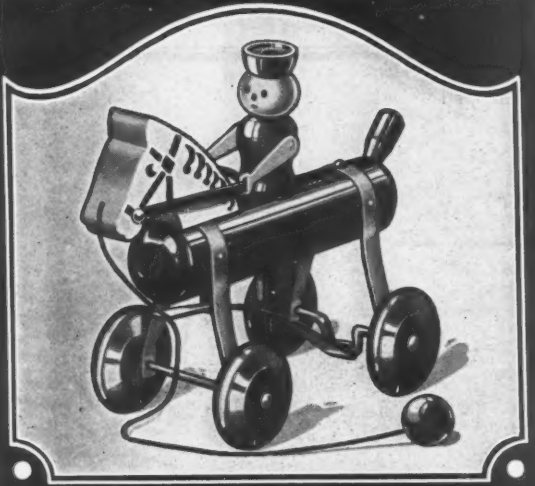
Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



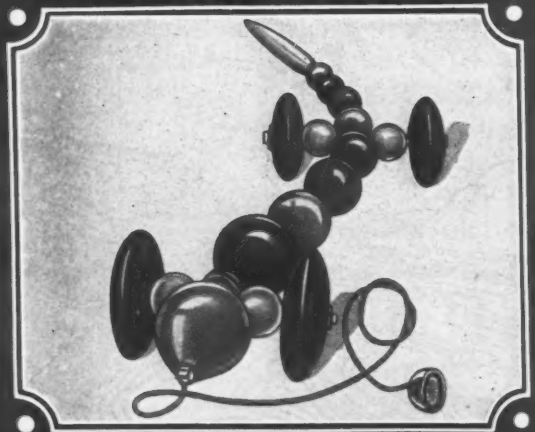
NUMBER TWENTY-NINE

Dear Children: Read about me on page 296, then **tell my name** and **color me in my really truly colors.** Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., **before April 12.** Be sure to send your **name** and **age** and **address** with the page you color. The two best pages and answers by a girl win a prize, and so do the two best pages and answers by a boy. The names of the boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.

CHILDREN
Entertain Themselves with
TINKER TOYS



PONY TINKER
A galloping rollicking Cow-Boy who plays with the Kiddies for all he's worth



DRAG-ON TINKER
A Fairy Tale Dragon that delights Little Tots with bright colors and queer antics.
2 of the 20 Irresistible Toys
Made by
THE TOY TINKERS INC.
EVANSTON ILLINOIS

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XXIX

By RUTH BRADFORD

"THERE aint no sich animal!" said the old gentleman who first was told about me. And Australian travelers had a hard time in convincing anyone that such a queer creature really did live. Just imagine a furry animal with webbed feet and a ducklike bill who can swim, and burrow, and lay eggs, and feed its young on mother's milk! It's hard to know whether I'm a bird, a fish, or a mammal! I live in southern and eastern Australia and Tasmania, and I have a lovely long fancy name—ORNITHORHYNCHUS ANATINUS—but you tell my everyday one. Scientists call me an aquatic egg-laying mammal, and you can see some of my family all stuffed in museums, even though we can't live in regular zoos.

When you travel to these far-away islands you may find us living in pairs along quiet shady rivers where there are lots of water plants. With our strong five toes ending in sharp claws we dig deep burrows in river banks that end in one large room, lined with dry grass and water plants. This room is reached by a crooked tunnel eighteen feet long, leading upward from the water. There are two entrances to the tunnel, one under water and one just above it. Here our young blind, naked babies are born and drink mother's milk for a few weeks until they acquire a taste for water insects.

We older folks eat water insects and tempting little mullosks, too, that we dig out of mud with our long, ducklike bills, and store in our cheek pockets until it's time for dinner. Our webbed feet help us to swim easily. We can pull back the webbed part of our forepaws when we want to dig, though, and give our sharp claws a chance to work. On land we don't get around so easily. We shuffle around so awkwardly that I'm sure it would make you laugh to see us. We are eighteen inches long and have, besides, a six-inch tail that is broad and rather flat. Our furry body looks rather like an otter's. Our under fur is woolly, with longer hair outside.

Sometimes natives dig us out of our burrows and eat our fishy flesh for their dinners. Maybe when you *do* see us, though, you'll just think you're dreaming!

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL OF THE WILD BIRDS

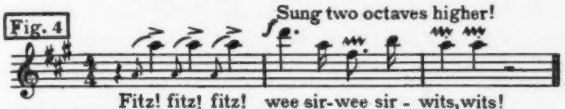
(*Continued from page 265*)

good spirits; therefore he sings, for, as a German proverb runs, "Evil men and evil birds sing not."

The song sparrow uses in his music what Richard Wagner uses in his—the musical motif idea. He is more versatile than the oriole, and likes to run on without ever coming to a full stop, a period.

The Song Sparrow's Tune

Fig. 4



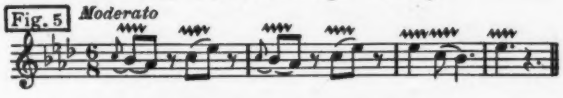
These first three notes are higher than the piano sounds

There are many taking individual parts in our May festival. There is the brown thrasher, rose-breasted grosbeak, scarlet tanager, indigo bunting (singing almost like a canary), the wood-pewees, golden-winged woodpecker, catbird, and the red-wing-blackbird. Even the pathetic, remote-sounding call of the mourning-dove adds contrast in this brilliant tapestry of tones that the visible and invisible choir of birds are weaving for us.

Now who is your choice for conductor and for the four soloists of our program? If I were sure that the scarlet tanager would keep his May appointments, I would put him in as a soloist because he is a flash of color, an eyeful of delight, and because his lazy, humming voice speaks of soft breezes and peaceful summer days. Here is, approximately, his solo:

The Scarlet Tanager's Song

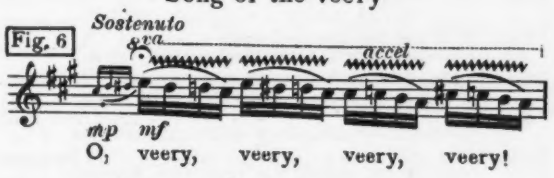
Fig. 5



For second soloist I suggest the veery—sometimes called "Wilson's thrush." His song might be represented by repeated curved lines. If you drag one finger up or down over the piano keys the effect, in music, is termed "glissando," and the veery has as beautiful a downward glissando as Madame Melba ever had. I admit this soloist is not definite as to pitch, but—what is a mere matter of pitch between friends?

Song of the Veery

Fig. 6



For the third soloist, I nominate the catbird. From a musical point of view, he is the northern

(*Continued on page 299*)



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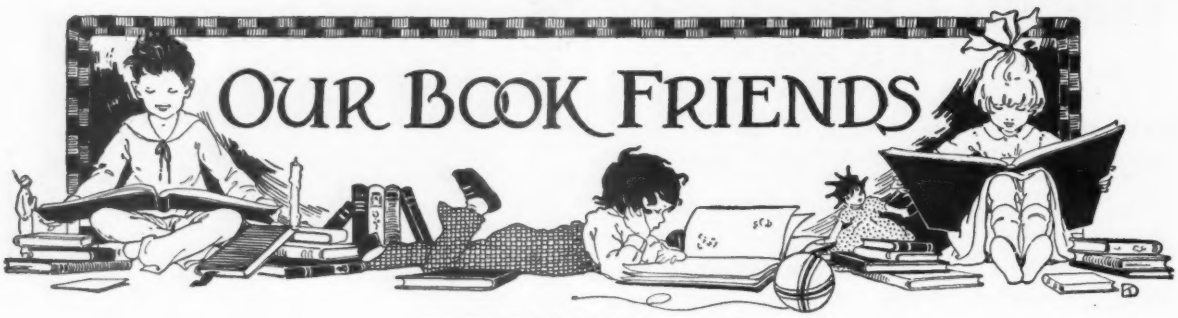
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By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS
Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

May is building her house. Of petal and blade,
Of the roots of the oak, is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

—*Richard LeGallienne*

OFTEN this spring—as we have seen the desert carpeted with flowers, as we have clambered over boulders in mountain streams, made interesting by early rains, and have watched everything coming alive—we have found a vast amount of sense in the words of Billy's piskie-miners. No doubt you remember, as well as I, the legend written in mother-o'-pearl letters on the bargeboards of the three-gabled cottage. *Billy Barnicoat* translated it for his friend, Caroline, and this was how the words ran:

"Wild thyme and spring time
Never tell the same time."

Since it is the month of the year when not things, but thoughts, occupy our days, the books which interest us most are those which have the essence of vernal fancies. We like *Jack and Jill*, for Miss Alcott put into it a May Eve and baskets filled with arbutus and violets. For the same reason we enjoyed "Hilltop," one of three plays in Louise Ayres Garnett's *Three to Make Ready*. In *Wake-Robin* John Burroughs says, "The dandelion tells me when to look for the swallow, the dogtooth violet when to expect the wood thrush, and when I have found the wake-robin in bloom I know the season is fully inaugurated."

There are several delightful plays in Stark Young's *Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman*. In *Sweet Times* the Little Boy is kept within the gate by a guard who thinks the child is foolish because he says that "there are not just minutes in the time, that all the time is filled with sweet things. I heard it when my mother tucked me in at night and sang to me about the shepherdess and the rain. And once another boy whistled about it there in the street below." You will enjoy Peter Piper who did not find the sweet things but had only the minutes and the pickled peppers. *All Eyes*, *The Blessed Bird* and *The Shepherd's Dream*, are other plays which seem particularly suited to the season.

If you want just a chapter or so for May Day, perhaps you will read aloud "Two May Queens" (from *Land of Pluck*), "Queen Blossom" (from Susan Coolidge's *Round Dozen*), "A Paradise of Birds (from Muir's *Story of My Boyhood and Youth*), or "The Seashore Again" (from Eliza Orne White's *Tony*. From the very first page, where The Mole is working very hard with spring-cleaning his little house, to the last chapter about the friends in the Wild Wood, there are many charming tales to be had from *The Wind in the Willows*.

It matters not from what source you catch the spirit of spring. It may be from a picture book about French children or from an English garden. It may be from Rose Fyleman's fairy poems or Randolph Caldecott's "Come, Lasses and Lads!" We hope the cowslips, the lilacs, and Puck himself will bring joy to you and that you may say with us, "Life seems so sweet! I don't know why."

LET'S GO A-MAYING

Billy Barnicoat - - - - - - - - - - - *Greville MacDonald*
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Bird Neighbors - - - - - - - - - - - - *Neltje Blanchan*
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, GARDEN CITY

Burgess Flower Book for Children - - - *Thornton W. Burgess*
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

Children's Book of Birds - - - - - - *Olive Thorne Miller*
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON

Child's Day - - - - - - - - - - - - *Walter De La Mare*
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Come Hither - - - - - - - - - - - - *Walter De La Mare*
ALFRED KNOPF COMPANY, NEW YORK

Jack and Jill - - - - - - - - - - - - *Louisa M. Alcott*
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

Land of Pluck - - - - - - - - - - - *Mary Mapes Dodge*
CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

Listening Child - *Lucy W. Thacher and Marguerite Wilkinson*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Little White Gate - - - - - - - - - - *Florence Hoatson*
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

Mary's Meadow and Letters from a Little Garden
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Juliana H. Ewing*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Merry Adventures of Robin Hood - - - - - *Howard Pyle*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Our Children - - - - - - - - - - - *Anatole France*
DUFFIELD & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Panjandrum Picture Book - - - - - *Randolph Caldecott*
FREDERICK WARNE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Rewards and Fairies - - - - - - - - *Rudyard Kipling*
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Round Dozen - - - - - - - - - - - *Susan Coolidge*
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

Story of My Boyhood and Youth - - - - - - *John Muir*
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON

Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman - - - - *Stark Young*
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Three To Make Ready - - - - - - *Louise Ayres Garnett*
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Tony - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Eliza Orne White*
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON

Wake-Robin - - - - - - - - - - - - *John Burroughs*
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON

Wind in the Willows - - - - - - - - *Kenneth Grahame*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Year in the Wonderland of Birds - - - *Hallam Hawksworth*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

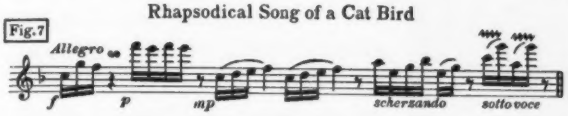
THE MUSIC FESTIVAL OF THE WILD BIRDS

(Continued from page 297)

representative of the mocking bird. He is weak on rhythm—alas, many soloists are—and strong on style and repertoire. He is not much to look at but, in case any of the bird soloists fail, he can imitate that bird's song so well that the audience will scarcely realize the change of artists. Once in a while—perhaps thrice in a while—he throws in the yowl of a cat and the gutteral remarks of a frog, but that only adds "pep" to the show. Besides he comes of good family—viz., the mockingbird, brown thrashers, and wrens—all aristocratic names in Birddom.
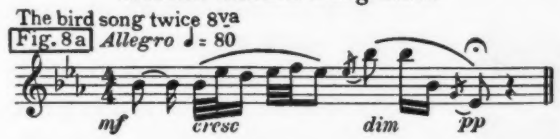
Rhapsodical Song of a Cat Bird

Fig.7
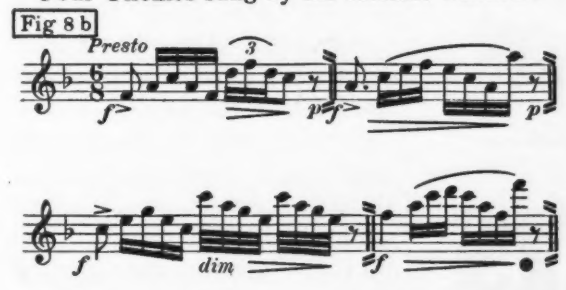


And last, the best of all the game, I hail the hermit thrush! Subdued in his costume, nesting on the ground, yet no other wood singer is his equal! His song is the climax of our festival so far as soloists are concerned. Brilliant he is in execution, sustaining his tones long, loud and liquid-clear, and then embroidering them with cadenzas which would make Franz Liszt himself take notice. One simply cannot describe the hermit's song.

Hermit Thrush Song No.1



Four Themes sung by the Hermit Thrush



Now for the conductor! What do you think of the owl? He certainly would impress orchestra, singers and audience by his wise appearance. But he sees poorly by day, and frightens people with his screechy voice, though he does not mean to.

I think my choice is a game bird. The partridge, called by his friends ruffled grouse, has the essentials of a conductor. He looks well, resembling his cousin, the charming bobwhite. He can keep time, for he is chief drummer of the forest music-makers. He can whirr and buzz, chirp and cluck, and after a wild orgy of emotional acting, can instantly gain

(Continued on page 309)

Imagination and Play



In vacation time, the small child is free to work and play long hours by himself. Read him stories that suggest more imaginative activities; give him books that help him to do his own tasks better and with more interest; see that he learns new poems and songs, different from those he has in school. A few books well chosen will make vacation more interesting and more fun, too.





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WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

The Merry Month of May brings a host of distinguished writers and artists to CHILD LIFE. How all of us—boys and girls and grownups, too—will thrill over "The Birds' Festival," and will then hurry out into the woods and fields to listen for those bird songs HENRY PURMORT EAMES so beautifully tells us about. Mr. Eames, you know, is one of America's most distinguished musicians. Since the days when he studied with Paderewski and other great teachers, he has become widely known both in America and Europe as a fine pianist, lecturer and writer upon musical subjects. Now he is president of the Society of American Musicians and, among other honors, has recently received the David Bisham medal for an opera he has written; but one of the things he loves most to do is to talk and write to boys and girls about music. And how wonderfully he does it!

After you learn the bird songs, you will be eager to have some feathered friends for close neighbors. A. NEELY HALL tells you how to do that by making a Nesting Material Depot. Aren't we fortunate to have this famous craftsman in Our Workshop each month? Mr. Hall, you know, is the author of several popular books on home-made toys and games, and his directions are always so clear and simple.

After we help out the birds we'll want to dig awhile in Our Posy Patch and we are glad to have such an interesting landscape architect as LOUISE

S. HUBBARD to tell us how to do it. Mrs. Hubbard, a member of the Garden Club of America, is a successful lecturer and writer about gardens and has made ever so many of them around Chicago, Georgian Bay, down South and even over in the Hawaiian Islands. So, you see, she knows all about growing things!

So many boys and girls write us how much they enjoy reading AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN'S story, "Just Around Our Corner." Some think it is the best story this famous writer has ever done! Next month the mystery of the Cady household will be solved and next month, too, "The Thrill of Thimble Camp" and—probably—"Grimsel, The Performing Bear" begin. The first story, about the adventures of Slim and his pals when camping, you are sure to like, and "Grimsel," the story of a Swiss woodcarver and his wonderful pet bear is one of LUCY M. BLANCHARD'S best stories. She is the author, you know, of "Carita," "Chico," and other books, which many of you love.

We only have space now to just remind you to read RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD'S popular stories about Betty Sue and Sally Lou that so many of you praise, as well as the delightful contributions of FRANCES MARGARET FOX, POLLY CHASE, ELSIE M. WILKINS and all the other writers who are giving you so many fine stories and plays and poems. No wonder you write us so many hundreds of letters saying you like "every page of CHILD LIFE best of all!"



CHILDHOOD is naturally a happy time. What mother does not take a secret delight in watching her children at play—whether tempting a puppie's appetite with bread and jam or romping and scampering in utter disregard of the strain and wear on their shoes!

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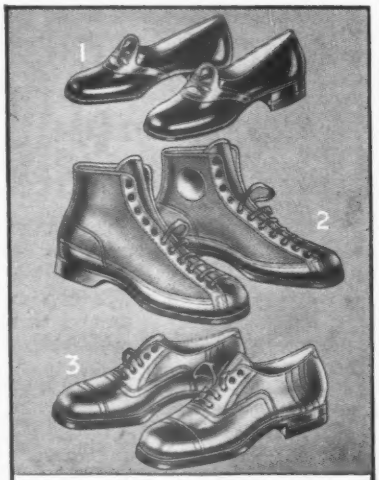
Yes, we love to see them play—*but goodness, how they wear out* SHOES!

All day their minds and hands and feet are active. Keeping healthy youngsters in shoes calls for keen management.

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ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Better shoes for less money

JUST AROUND OUR CORNER

(*Continued from page 285*)

though my sister does, occasionally, to—hum—to dust. That is all. My sister went in three days ago—the day she—er—went away. She must have been upset and—and forgot to lock it as usual—afterward. I am sorry I—er—that there has been this—mistake."

She sat without saying anything more for a long time and I didn't know what to say, so I sat quiet, too. I was wondering whether I hadn't better say I was going, when she suddenly broke out in the most unexpected way. I was so startled, I almost jumped out of my chair.

For this is what she said: "What is the use? What *is* the use of keeping it up any longer? It is all too tangled, too difficult now—and Shirley has broken down the habits which the years have forced on us! We love her. We can't go on living this way."

She stopped again and all I could think of saying was, "Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Phoebe?" And she answered, "Yes. You can sit here and listen while I tell you the story. You have been a very kind and thoughtful little girl. I did not realize that children were so any more. Even those naughty children next door have showed themselves helpful and unselfish, and I think it must be your influence."

"Oh, Miss Phoebe," I broke in, "I'm sure you've made a mistake about them. They *are* very nice children, but they are only full of fun and didn't understand."

"That may all be true—probably is," she went on. "But the main thing is that you—er—that you were the first to try to be kind and—and helpful. I am going to tell this thing to you and then—I shall not repeat it to anyone again—ever. You may tell it if you like. I do not forbid it. But I shall not open my lips on the subject again!"

And while I sat there so still that I grew positively numb, Miss Phoebe told me the story of the picture behind the velvet curtain.

(*To be concluded next month*)

THE EVE OF THE BELLTAINE

(*Continued from page 269*)

MAEVE: And how sweet they smell! Perhaps they have slept in flowers. (*Excitedly*) Yes, they must have, for they are dripping dew. (*To* CLEENA) Just look at that one over there—the rosy one with the high head.

CLEENA: That is sunset, the most beautiful of them all. She is the lover of Night who clasps her every evening.

BRIAN: And that white droopy one! Is she tired?

CLEENA: Perhaps so. All afternoon she was hiding the face of the sun with her white body.

BRIAN: Well, I never knew that clouds really lived. But now I begin to see—

THE POOKA: Hear him! Hear him! He will soon be doubting like the grown-ups. Not to know such a simple thing, such a simple thing. Why, all nature lives!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP: You know everything!

THE POOKA (*making a dive after* WILL): Scat! scit! I'll get you.

[*A pell-mell scramble ensues, during which the* CLOUDS *flee, frightened.*]

MAEVE: Oh, now they've gone! And we'll never see them again!

CLEENA: Oh, yes! You will always know that they are living, and that is quite the same as seeing them. Besides, they could not stay here. They must soon assemble for the dawn. In a few minutes the three of us—Pooka, Will-o'-the-Wisp, and myself—must leave also. Day will be jutting across the sky in an hour.

THE POOKA: But you will never forget us, will you?

THE CHILDREN: Never!

THE POOKA: Then I shall send pretty dreams through your ears, and blow the whitest butterflies into your garden and (*laughing*) put snuff in the coffee of the schoolmaster who teaches you geography.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP (*not to be outdone*): And I shall whirl against his eye.

CLEENA: Let me sing you something.

[*She moves slowly to the open door and stands there.* POOKA *and* WILL-O'-THE-WISP *follow.*]

Cleena singing (*to the tune of "Sweet and Low"*):

When the moon's white lip is showing,
And gray shadows cross the lea,
When Donlauda's stream is flowing
Silver-stemmed to meet the sea,
When the night's dark wings are creeping
Soft o'er earth, and winds sing low—
It is then you'll come a-leaping
Through the windy dusk to Tir-na-n-óg!

[*At the last words the three disappear, leaving the* CHILDREN *gazing after them.*]

NOTE: "Tir-na-n-óg" is pronounced with g silent.



CHICAGO
Rubber Tired
ROLLER
SKATES

Traveling Some!

THEY'LL all think you've got winged feet when you race them on "Chicagos." Your friends may skate as well as you can, but they won't beat you on a pair of these speedy, noiseless, ball bearing skates with real ***rubber tires.***

Faster, smoother skating than you've ever known!

$4.00

ROLL
ON
RUBBER



Spring! Clear sidewalks, balmy air and sunny skies. It's time to roller skate—have you got your "CHICAGOS" yet?

At your Hardware or Sporting Goods Dealer, or shipped direct for $4.00 P. O. Money Order.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
4455 W. Lake Street CHICAGO

ROLL ON RUBBER! $4.00
New Model Just Out



"See the expression—
he's King of the Camels!"

So SPEAKS the kind old Arab. But the little American, in his visiting clothes, wants to know more.

"What's his name?" he asks.

"We call him Dromedary, my child. He is not a regular camel. He has only one hump and over the desert he goes *so fast.*"

"Oh! Dromedary — like our dates at home. *They go fast*, too. Mother can't keep enough in the house. She doesn't mind, though, because she says they're very good for us."

DROMEDARY DATES are clean candies that grow on trees. They are as good *for* you as they are good to eat. Have you had them cooked right in your cereal? Wouldn't mother like a free recipe book? Write to Dept. C.L.5, The Hills Brothers Co., 375 Washington Street, New York City.



Dromedary Dates
THE FRUIT, CONFECTION, FOOD

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(*Continued from page 287*)

course) and oil the pans carefully. For this, we crumple a bit of white tissue paper, dip it in vegetable oil (any good fat will do) and grease the sides and bottom of the pan, also the paper. Some cooks prefer a small brush which they keep just for that use. Either method is good.

BROWN BREAD

Put 1 cupful cooking molasses into a saucepan.
Add ½ teaspoonful soda and 1 teaspoonful salt.
Bring to a boil.
Remove from the fire and add 1 pint (2 cupfuls) sweet milk.
1 cupful cornmeal
1 cupful bran
About 2 cupfuls of white flour
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful raisins
Beat till well mixed and smooth. Dough should be **fairly** thick but not at all stiff.
Pour into pans.
Bake in a moderate oven for one hour.
Remove from the pans by turning upside down. Cool on a wire rack, if possible.
Let stand several hours before slicing.

Have you noticed one very strange thing about this recipe? Of course! You see that it does not say *exactly* how much flour to take. White flour is of several different kinds. Some sorts make bread stiffer than others. So for this recipe, it is not possible to say exactly how much you will need. But you can tell. Put in the corn meal; put in the bran; put in 1 cupful of the white flour and stir. Then add ½ cupful of white flour and the raisins and stir. If it seems about like your muffin dough, do not add any more flour. If it seems much *thinner* (runnier) than the muffin dough, add the other cupful. After you have made muffins, you will have no trouble in knowing when dough is just right.

For variety, you may make this recipe all of whole wheat flour—no other kind—and it is exceedingly good that way. Or you may use 2 cupfuls of bran instead of 1 each of cornmeal and bran. That is very fine, too. And you may use a few nuts, if you like. All these changes make one recipe seem like many and give a pleasant variety.

Now for our reason for learning this in late spring! Have you guessed? Picnic time is coming around! Of course! And there simply isn't anything better to take in your picnic basket than sandwiches made from this bread. Make it often, so you can do it easily and well, for you will want it a lot of times this summer.

MENU FOR SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFAST

***Ambrosia**
***Muffins Jam**
***Creamed eggs on toast**
Coffee Milk

*Means that recipes have appeared in the "Child Life Kitchen."

THE BUTTON PRINCESS AND THE SWINGING TREE

(*Continued from page 278*)

But Barbara Anne cried and cried. "It—is—the—tree," she told them. "I thought Jimmy was teasing. Oh, don't let them cut down the dear, old swinging tree in the lane. There are little birds in their nests in the tree now and their mothers will be crazy. And it is a lovely old tree; I don't care if the apples are not good to eat, they make good pigs and horses when we play farm. Oh, the button is nothing but fun, but don't let them kill the dear old swinging tree!"

"It must be the tree I loved when I was a child," said the mother. Then she turned to the fine young man beside her and said to him sternly, "You must go instantly and tell your men not to dare to touch the dear old tree. Now hasten!"

He was the landscape gardener and he did hasten. He went so fast his coat tails flew out in a straight line. Barbara Anne laughed through her tears because he reminded her of the way the barn cat looked the day Tommy Bean's dog chased her.

As for Jimmy, he told the family that night all about how the button princess saved the swinging tree. He told it so well and so truly, without teasing a bit, that the smiling, happy Barbara Anne, with the button boys and their princess on a string round her neck, nodded her head from the beginning to the end of the story.



THE WILLOW CATS

MARGARET WIDDEMER

THEY call them pussy willows,
But there's no cat to see,
Except the little furry toes
That stick out on the tree.

I think that very long ago
When I was just born new,
There must have been whole pussy cats
Where just the toes stick through.

And every spring it worries me,
I cannot ever find
Those willow cats that ran away
And left their toes behind!

Clothe active boys and girls in DEVONSHIRE

. . . expressly made to stand hard wear







TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS LIBERAL SPECIAL OFFER

On receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin, we will send you, postpaid, complete paper pattern for a pretty doll's dress, together with a quantity of liberally sized pieces of genuine Renfrew DEVONSHIRE Cloth—of various designs and colors—with which you or your child can make up the dress. Write us NOW, while you have the opportunity.

RENFREW MFG. CO.
Dept. O, Adams, Mass.



DEVONSHIRE CLOTH is specifically made to endure the trials of childhood wear. Its charming colors never run nor fade despite rough usage, the action of blazing sun, perspiration, uric acid or constant tubbing with *any* soap. Its close, sturdy weave resists the grinding in of dirt, reduces wrinkling, makes laundering easier and gives Devonshire the *amazing, guaranteed* durability that has made it famous for over fourteen years.

Devonshire Cloth is not a gingham, but a distinctly different *kind* of wash fabric; dyed in the yarn, with *vat* dyes, every thread saturated with color before the cloth is woven.

Ask for Renfrew DEVONSHIRE Cloth by name, and see that the full name is stamped on the selvage. Should you not find Devonshire near you, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

New goods FREE if colors run or fade, or if fabric does not WEAR to your entire satisfaction.

Renfrew DEVONSHIRE *Cloth*

SUN-PROOF TUB-PROOF

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



HURRAH for the merry month of May, with kites, skipping ropes and May baskets. This paper doll loves all of them. She has a "skippy" little dress on now—soft and fluttery with a circular yoke and two box pleats down the front and back. It is trimmed with felt flowers, too, the very latest thing.

For gathering flowers a plain linen is best. A square neck with narrow braid trimming gives it a very tailored look.

Have you seen the new flowered voile. It is lovely, and so is this little dress made of it and worn over a fine sateen slip. The slip may be white or of the same color as the flowers.

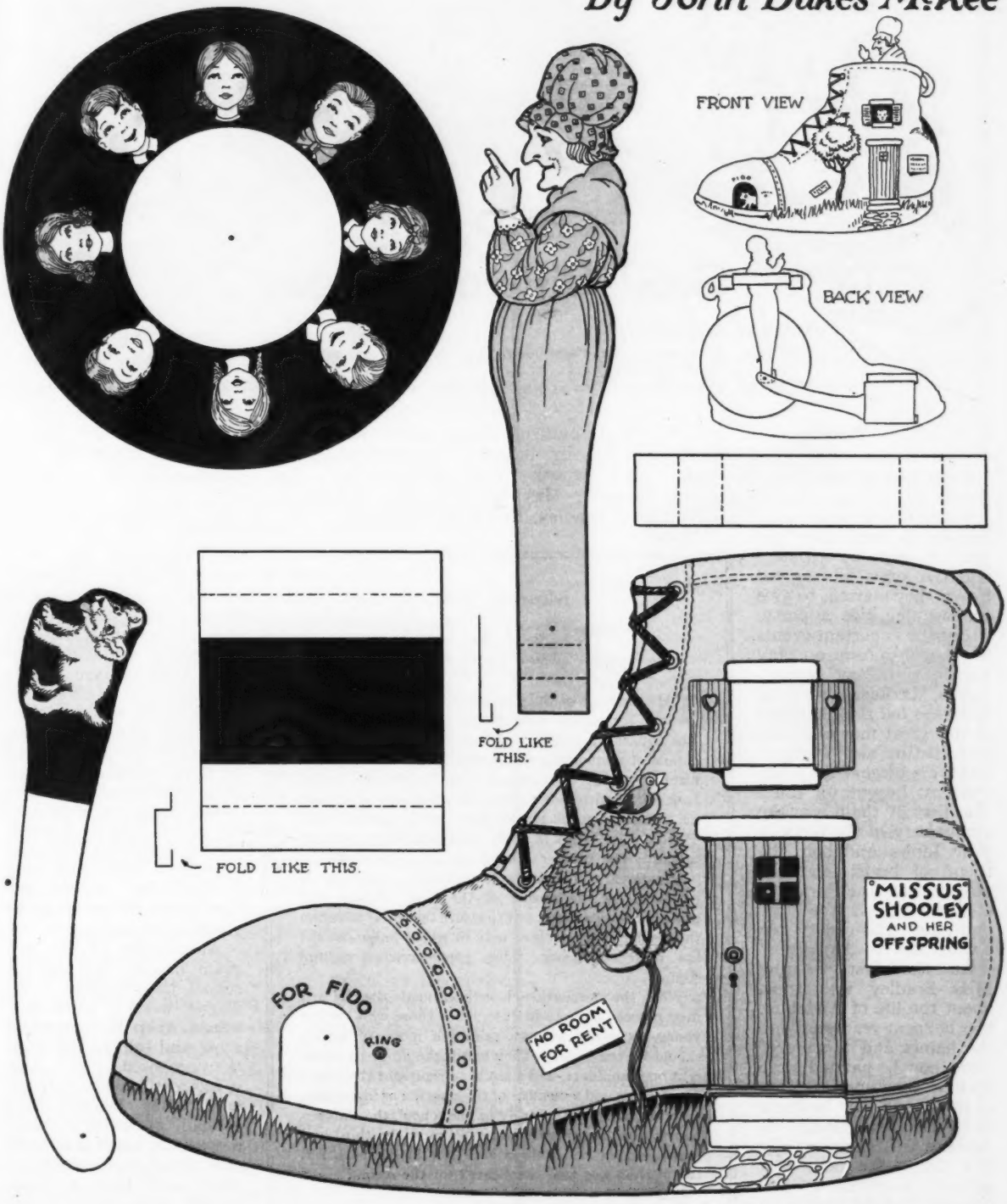
CHILD LIFE can furnish you with patterns for these frolicsome frocks.

Pattern No. 5372, 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years.
Pattern No. 5237, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.
Pattern No. 4906, 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years.
All patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

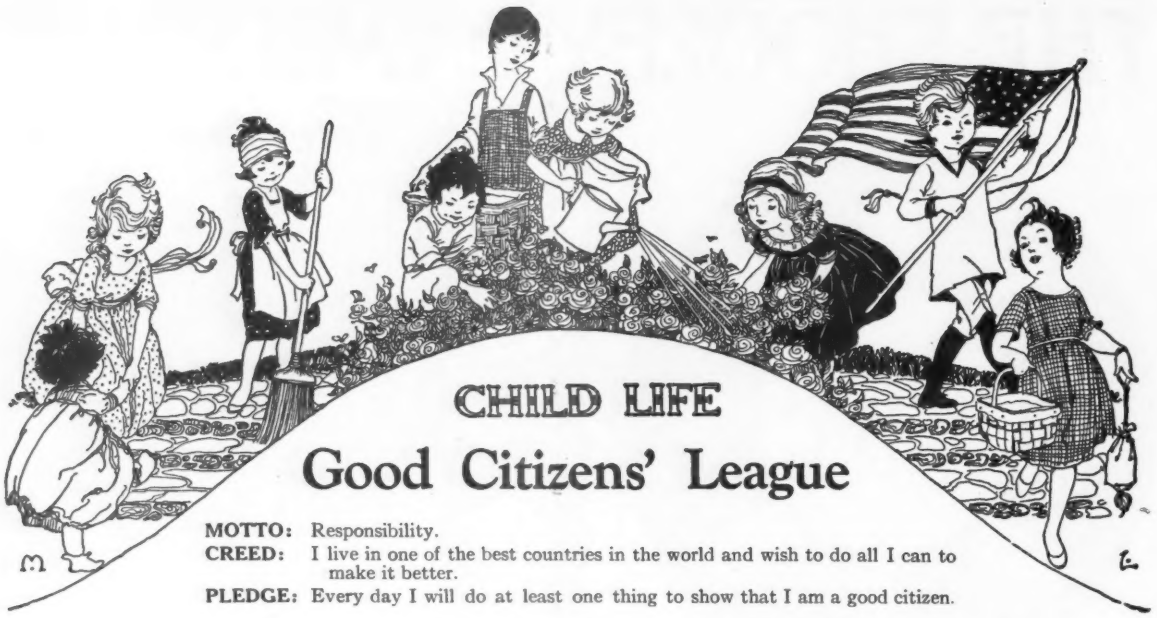
THE SHOOLEY FAMILY INCLUDING THE PUP

By John Dukes McKee



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the sheet on strong cardboard. Separate the pieces. Make the window above the door and the door for Fido. Bend the bottom of the strip with the old lady as shown. Attach it to the back of the disk, running the pin through the smaller dot near the edge of the white disk and through the two black spots in the piece containing the old lady. Attach Fido at the back of this piece, using a small bit of wood or eraser to prevent the pieces coming out. Now, attach the disk at the back of the shoe by running a small paper fastener or a pin through the white spot in the door-window and through the black spot at center of disk. Bend the pin or clip so that it will not interfere with the movements of the other pieces. See that the whole moves freely. Paste the supporting strips on at the back, as shown in sketch of back view. Insert Fido in his home. Hold the shoe at the bottom in left hand. Turn disk slowly at the point where it extends at right-side of shoe. The old lady moves up and down, the children pass by the window and Fido paces back and forth in his den.



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Nature

The Brocton Good Citizens' League had a May Day party the second day of the month. Half of the members entertained the others, because in April they had had a clean-up contest and the losers had agreed before they started, to give the winning side a party.

But the important events of the month came on May fourth, and May twenty-eighth, because on these two days fell the birthdays of two great men who had loved nature, and "Nature" was the subject of the Good Citizens' League for May. The first of these was the anniversary of the birth of John James Audubon, the friend of birds; and the second was the birthday of Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist who came from Switzerland to America.

At the first meeting Miss Bradley told them about the life of Audubon, how he spent years studying the habits and the life of birds, how he painted more than a thousand sketches of birds, and how he came to write his "Birds of America." Inspired by this story, the boys and girls of the Brocton Good Citizens' League decided to spend a great deal of time, during the vacation just ahead of them, studying the habits of birds and collecting pictures of them, to be added to the museum they expected to start at school in the fall.

The museum idea itself was inspired by hearing the story of Louis Agassiz. They observed his birthday, May twenty-eighth, and Miss Bradley, told them about the great man who, even when he was just a little boy, liked to study about birds and insects and wild flowers. He wrote many important books and years later, after his coming to America, he founded the famous Agassiz Museum at Cambridge.

The members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League decided that some of *their* collections would be of interest to the whole school and that they could have a little museum of their own. The boys started in at once collecting coins and stamps, but the girls preferred spending their time hunting rare species of wild flowers. Then, of course, there would be their prints of birds, and since several of the members had cameras, it was agreed that all the pictures they succeeded in taking of animals in their native haunts, should be added to the museum. They were sure if they once started the movement, others would be glad to help them

At the end of the program on the last day of school, the members of the league were a little surprised when the principal arose and told of the work they proposed to do. And it was a still bigger surprise when they learned that instead of housing their museum in a corner of their own schoolroom, the principal said that a little unused room next to his office would be turned over to them instead.

"We have a lot of work ahead of us this summer," said David. "That much is certain."

"And a summer just chock full of fun, too," added the others.

(*Continued on page 317*)

Message from

WILSON L. GILL

Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League

THE training of the younger children for citizenship and for voting must be of the simplest nature. They must be carefully shown how to perform the details of nominating and voting. If, for example, a member of the city council is to be elected, try to have the children see the necessity for such an officer; his duties must be simply but clearly pointed out. This done, the class is ready for a primary meeting or caucus. The teacher acts as chairman and calls for nominations. The desire to nominate some one is indicated by the raising of the hand. Many will probably raise a hand, but to insure the wisest selection the teacher calls on those only in whose judgment she has most confidence. Thus good nominations are secured.

When the nominations have been made the children may proceed at once to vote. For those who are too young to write, a more primitive mode of voting should be employed. They can make an X to represent one candidate, and a circle to represent the other. The teacher and a member of the class act as inspectors.

At elections held recently in one school, the children had to vote a printed blanket ballot. The third and fourth grades voted these with fair intelligence, but the method was too complicated for the second grade children.

OUR POSY PATCH

(*Continued from page 288*)

In it plant the nasturtiums. These seeds are so large they must be planted one by one, about four inches apart in the row, and as you plant each seed, poke it down, because nasturtiums like to be planted deep. Don't forget to pat and water the soil.

For the pink and blue garden get seeds of aster giant branching white, and purple-pink zinnias, and ageratum blue perfection. Mix the two packages of aster seeds together, and sow them in the back row. Sow the next two rows with zinnia seeds, and sow the front row with ageratum.

When the plants have the first two little leaves, and two big leaves, thin them out so that every plant stands one foot from its neighbor.

If we are going to have our garden in a big deep box on the porch, we can grow all these plants, if we have good drainage. Six inches apart, all over the bottom of the box, there must be holes big enough to slip a pencil through, and the box must be set up on blocks so the water will drain. Put a layer four inches deep of cinders and fill the box with soil that has been sifted through a coarse screen. If we have eight inches of soil in our box, we can raise all the plants we have talked about for the garden in the ground. If the soil is only four or even six inches deep, we shall not have such good luck with the asters, zinnias and marigolds as we shall have with nasturtiums and ageratum, but to our shallow box we can add sweet alyssum for its fluffy white and its delicate fragrance.

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL

(*Continued from page 299*)

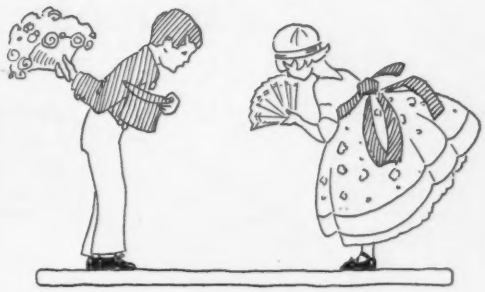
poise and self-control. Surely the partridge qualifies as conductor of our Festival of the Birds. I know we should include many more singers, but you can suggest them after you read this.

There is scarcely one master musician who has not left a tribute, in small or large form, to the birds! Liszt, the Hungarian, in the beautiful piece for the piano—"St. Francis' Sermon to the Birds"; Grieg, the Norwegian, in his short but descriptive piece called "The Little Birds," and many, many more.

There are innumerable "cuckoo" imitative pieces for organ and for piano, bird songs for flute, and for violin, and literally thousands of them for the voice. At a symphony concert last winter I heard the actual song of a nightingale played from a phonographic disc. At the proper instant in Signor Respighi's new symphony, "The Pines of Rome," the liquid tones of the real nightingale poured from the phonograph, and every one present paid his homage to the music of the bird.

If I thought that this story of the best May Festival the world can offer would make one girl or boy love the songs of "our little brothers and sisters of the air" more than ever before, I should be very happy indeed.*

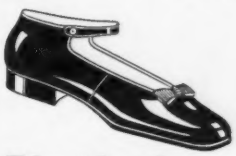
**(Acknowledgment is made to Mr. Schuyler Mathews for these notations of bird songs.)*



CHARMING FOOTNOTES
That Carry
UNFAILING APPEAL



Patent Leather
from $4.50



Patent Leather
Bronze or
White Kid
from $7.75



Patent Leather
colored Kids
and White
from $4.00



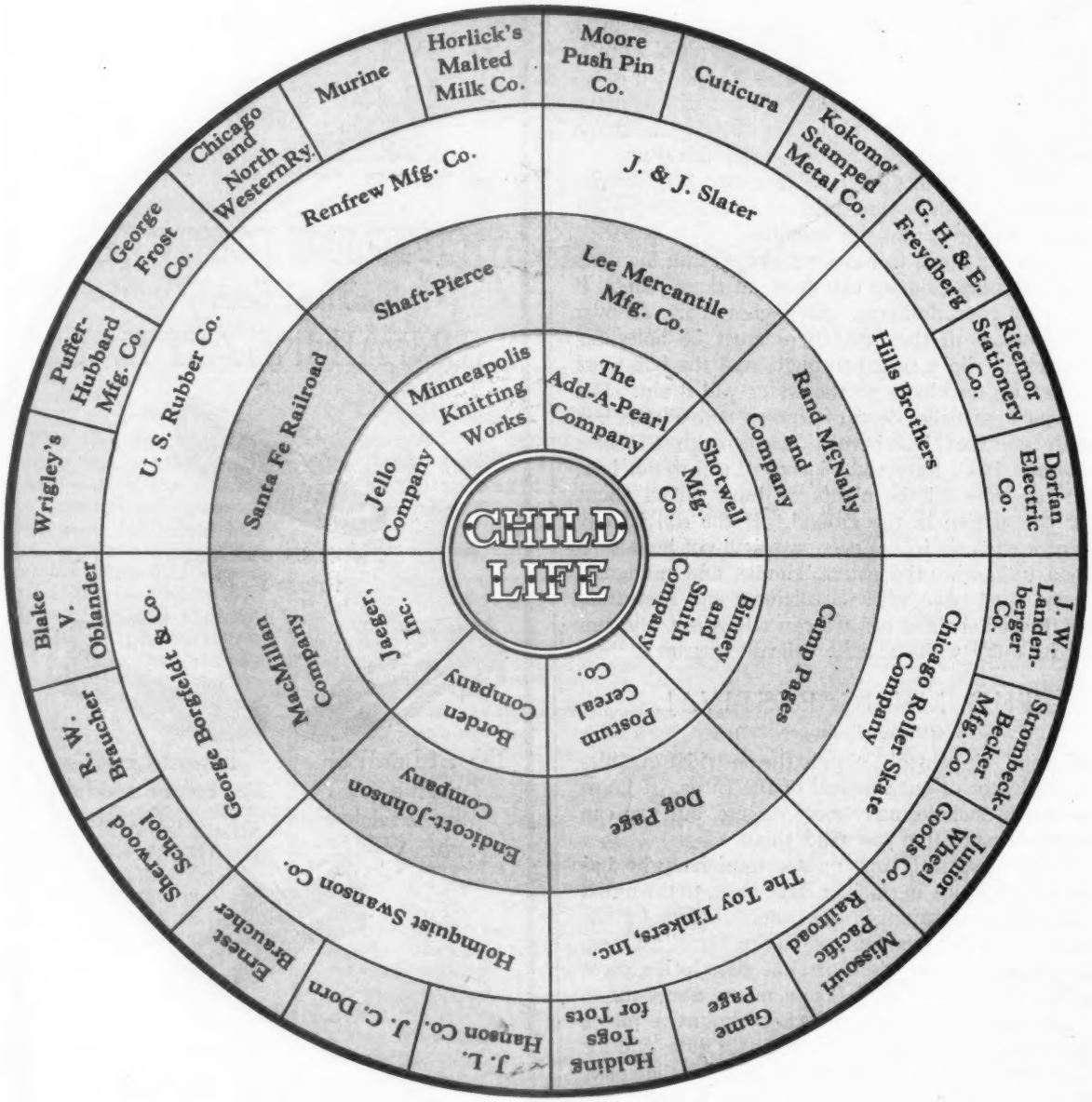
Patent Leather
from $7.25

DAINTY SILK SOCKS
IN ALL THE FAVORITE COLORS
from $1.25

J & J SLATER
415 Fifth Avenue
15 East 57th Street
New York

CHILD LIFE ADVERTISING TARGET GAME

EVERYBODY COME AND PLAY!



ASK Dad and Mother, Aunt and Uncle, to play this Advertising Target Game with you. They will all enjoy it. Place CHILD LIFE in the middle of the table open at this page. Each player in turn is blindfolded and has a pencil for a pointer. Before he tries to hit the center circle (CHILD LIFE) the other players turn the magazine around once or twice to make the game harder. If his pointer touches the center circle he has scored 25 points. Every section in the second ring counts 20 points, third ring 15 points, fourth ring 10 points, and fifth ring 5 points.

Then before the player can count his score, he must find the advertisement of the advertiser in the section his pointer touches, and write down the name of the product. After this is done he puts down his score. For example, if his pencil touches the section with the name Lee Mercantile, he must look up their advertisement, write down the name of their product, and 15 for score. The first player who scores 100 points, wins the game. Let Mother have the first turn—then away you go!



CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE — ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY — 536 S. CLARK STREET — CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LULLABY

By-lo, little baby,
Slumber in thy bed,
Mother watches near thee,
Stars shine o'er thy head.

Birdies in the tree tops
Sleep within their nests,
Moonbeams will caress thee,
While the world's at rest.

Gentle breezes kiss thee
As they travel by,
So sleep, my little baby,
And do not cry.

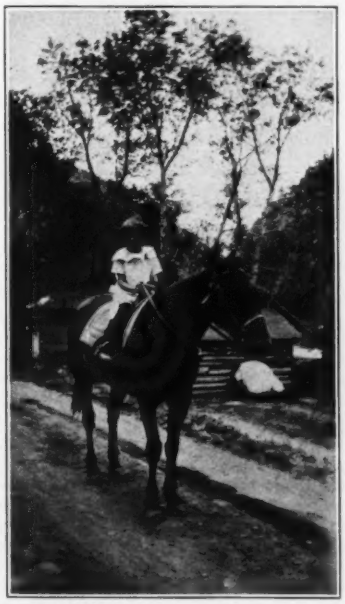
BETTY GRANT,
Age 10. Greenwich, Conn.

A GLASS-BOTTOM BOAT

It was a sunny January morning in California. My grandfather and I were going to the Catalina Islands. We were going on a boat with a glass bottom. The boat was as large as an ordinary steamer. It had narrow seats along the edge and a glass floor. The glass in the floor of the boat magnifies the things in the ocean.

We saw numerous fishes and snails. There were also many species of seaweed. Divers plunged down and brought up many shells of different hues, which they sold. After a very enjoyable trip, we reached Catalina Islands.

LOUISE P. SHIFFMAN
Age 10 years Detroit, Mich.



Dear Miss Waldo:

I have taken CHILD LIFE nearly twelve months and would like to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club. I like to read those stories at night. Here is my picture.

JEAN MARGARET JOHNSON,
Berthoud, Colo.

WHEN THE EARLY MORNING BREAKS

When the early morning breaks,
And the sun begins to rise,
And the little flowers peek out of their beds
And the birds begin to sing—
Flitter on their wing—
That starts a very pretty day
For the children all to play.

ELIZABETH ALICE HOWARD,
Age 8 Georgetown, Tex.

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I would like to become a Joy Giver, a member of your club. I like your stories very much. But best of all I like Augusta Seaman's story, and the big rhyme in the front.

I am sending in a poem that I shall be looking for in CHILD LIFE.

Your friend,
LINNIE M. BAKER

A SIGN OF SPRING

Hark! What is that familiar sound I hear?
Listen, and tell me if you can.
Why! it is a robin's chirp, so sweet and clear.
Telling us, "Cheer up, for Spring is here.
And I am with you again."

LINNIE M. BAKER
Age 10 years Painesville, Ohio



Proud to Show Cuties!

ALL children are. They just delight in the beauty and comfort of these Sox for Tots and ⅞ length Sports Hose for older boys and girls.

And mothers appreciate the longer wear which means economy.

Don't forget to ask for Randolph Cuties by name, to get the genuine. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name.

If you enclose $1 we will send you our sample box. Be sure to state size and whether you want Sox for Tots or Cuties Sports ⅞ length hose.

Randolph Cuties are the only genuine Cuties. Look for the trade mark on every pair.

RANDOLPH MILLS
Dept. E-5, Randolph and Columbia Ave.
Philadelphia

E. M. Townsend & Co., New York City
Selling Agents

Write for "The Three Sockdolagers, an illustrated booklet for the kiddies. Free, if you send your dealer's name.



RANDOLPH CUTIES
TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. & CANADA
SOX FOR TOTS

SPRING

Spring is here, spring is here,
The birds are singing, and the sky is clear.
The buds are springing, the lark is winging,
The meadows are blooming far and near!

ELIZABETH JEAN HALE
Age 10 years Eau Claire, Wis.

DEAR MISS WALDO:

Today as the whistles blew, I looked at my clock and saw that it was just right and it made me think of this little poem.

I had a little clock
And it went tick-tock.
Every time the whistles blew,
The hands were right there, too.

MIRIAM A. DIEFENDORF,
Age 8. Silver Creek, N. Y.



CLEMENT M. HULL

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like CHILD LIFE. I'm eight years old.

Sincerely,
CLEMENT M. HULL,
Evanston, Ill.

THE LITTLE RABBITS

(True story)

Once upon a time Papa and I went down to get a load of pine straw and my little sister staid at home and took a nap. We went down behind a little town and got the straw. We were by a tree picking it up when I came upon a little hole and in it were three little rabbits and a mama rabbit. And Papa picked them up and kept them in his coat pocket until we were ready to go home. The mama rabbit ran away so we couldn't get her. We took them home and let Mama and my little sister see them. We put them in a box and then Papa said we had better take them back and put them in their hole and let their mother come back and find them. So we took them back with Mama and put them right back in their hole and what happened to them next I don't know.

MARY SWETT.
Southern Pines, N. C.



"Happy Days With The Bye Lo Baby"

"COULDN'T we have lots of fun together? You could take care of my clothes, dress me up and take me visiting with you. I like to make calls because little girls and grown-ups, too, all love me and want to take me up and play with me. They tell me I am just like a real live three-days-old baby, not a single bit like an ordinary doll. I can sleep and cry, too.

"No wonder I'm lifelike, for my designer, Mrs. Grace Storey Putnam, looked at so many babies before she made me that she knew all about them. Do come and take me home. I know you'll want me to live with you always."

Be sure to get the *genuine* copyrighted Bye-Lo Baby Doll, with the name Grace Storey Putnam, imprinted on the back of the head and her facsimile signature on the identification tag. In nine sizes, 9 to 20 inches high, at leading toy and department stores. If mother can't find one where she shops, she can write Dept. 16H and we will tell her where to get it.

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.
111-119 East 16th St. New York

Sole Licensee and Distributor of the Genuine "K and K" Bye-Lo Baby

Grace Storey Putnam
Originator of the Bye-Lo Baby Doll

BYE-LO BABY DOLL

CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN LINE



It's the children's year 'round playground, too.

CALIFORNIA

Happy, sunny days outdoors mean deep breathing and strong, vigorous bodies.

Los Angeles Limited

One of America's finest All-Pullman trains, provides the utmost in travel comforts for women and children.

Leave Chicago at 8:00 p. m. daily from C. & N. W. Terminal. Observation Buffet-Lounging Car. Valet and maid service, barber and bath. Splendid dining car meals.

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C. A. CAIRNS
Pass'r Traffic Mgr.
226 W. Jackson St.
Phone Dearborn 2121
Chicago, Ill.



CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

MY MOTHER

Of all the happiness I've known,
Of all the treasures that I own,
The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are set aside within my heart,
As the dearest, sweetest thing
That earthly life can ever bring.

WENDY HARLAN,
Age 11 Seattle, Wash.



ELIZABETH MILLS

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have taken CHILD LIFE for nearly a year now and I would like to become a Joy Giver. I am sending you a picture of my brother, Billy, and myself. I hope you will publish it in the next CHILD LIFE.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH MILLS,
Age 11 Montclair, N. J.

I like the moon
Better than the sun,
'Cause the moon has a face
And the sun has none.

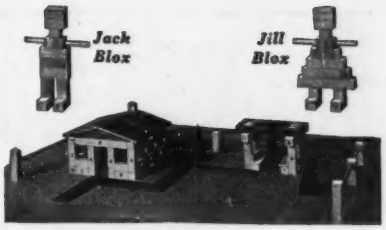
ELIOT COLLINS TOBIN,
Age 7 Middlebury, Vt.

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club. I think CHILD LIFE is a nice book for children. After school closed we went on a trip to North Carolina to visit my cousin. We went in our car and it took us eight days. I saw Niagara Falls. We rode on the "Maid of the Mist." We went under the falls. Then we went to Washington, D. C. We went to see where they make our money out of stamped paper. Then we saw Lincoln's memorial. We shook hands with President Coolidge. Next we went to Mt. Vernon and saw the house George Washington lived in. When we got to North Carolina, we were in the mountains. We had a lovely time. When we came home we went to Natural Bridge.

Later, I went camping and had fun diving and swimming.

HELEN ELIZABTEH COBB
Age 8 years Sanford, Maine



The fort that Jack built



Jill's house

You'll be delighted with

Jack and Jill Blox

—and the duck and Jack's engine and Jill's furniture—and all the dozens of other interesting things you can build with

StromBecKer
BUILDOBLOX

With every set of StromBecKer Buildoblox there's a little book full of pictures showing interesting groups of things—a trolley line with tracks and car, a filling station, play grounds, a railway system, an airplane in a landing field with very plain directions for making each one. You'll have even more fun building the things you think up yourself.

You've never been able to get anything like StromBecKer Buildoblox before—they're just new. 106 sturdy blocks. Some green, red, yellow, all shipshape in a gay wooden frame box.

And they're fine for you to have, too, because they develop your cre-a-tive building instinct—help you to work out original plans all by yourself. There's always something to do when you have Buildoblox—a new kind of fun every day.

Mothers Buildoblox is far more than unending fun, it is soundly educational as well. Highly commended by Prof. M. V. O'Shea, one of the country's foremost child education authorities, as an incentive to logical, intelligent thinking in the working out of definite plans. You are doing your child a real service when you make it possible for him to train mind and hands with Buildoblox.



Pioneer's Duck

Almost as much fun—

DIAMOBLOX

48 fas-ci-nat-ing bright colored diamond-shaped blocks! With Diamoblox you can play games, work puzzles, build designs, make pictures and optical illusions. Includes color sheets of designs and drawing paper for making your own designs. $1.00 bill will bring you a set of Diamoblox.

StromBecKer
PlayThings

Use this coupon for order—Send check or money order.

STROMBECK-BECKER MFG. CO.
Dept. A 5, Moline, Ill.
Enclosed find $.....for which please send me postage prepaid:
.....sets Buildoblox at $2.50
.....sets Diamoblox at 1.00
If not entirely satisfactory I may return them within five days and my money will be refunded.
Name.....
Address.....State.....
City.....



Westward Ho!

The Scenic Way

Thru Cool, Crisp, Colorful Colorado to the Golden Pacific Coast

¶ The Missouri Pacific, D. & R. G. W., Western Pacific route leads straight through the heart of the scenic wonderlands of the West. To the charming cities of Colorado . . . Through the magnificent Royal Gorge to Salt Lake City, thence through Feather River Canyon to San Francisco and the Golden Gate.

¶ You may choose any section of the West, or combine all in a *grand tour.*

¶ Special round-trip tourist fares. Stop-over anywhere en route – either way.

¶ Write for descriptive literature. Ask for booklet F-1.

C. L. Stone
Passenger Traffic Manager
MISSOURI PACIFIC R. R. CO.
Railway Exchange Building
St. Louis, Mo.

MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

Fast, Thru, Daily Service



Stockings Stay Put

with

Velvet Grip

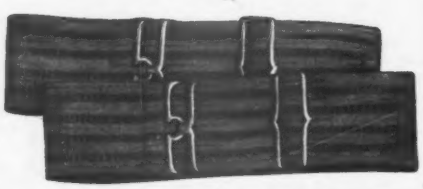
"PIN ONS"

Dressing and undressing! What a task! Make it easier:

Ask for the wide opening pendant Velvet Grip, which has the famous All-Rubber Oblong Button. Better webbing too, won't lose its stretch.

Knicker "Bostons" for Boys and Girls

To wear with knickers or bloomers. In heather or plain colors, ¾" webbing adjustable just like Daddy's.



GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON

Makers of the Junior Boston Garter for boys. Needed with their first long pants.

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I like CHILD LIFE very much. I learn the cooking lessons and I like them very much. I am eight years old and I am in the second grade and I like it very, very much. Didn't you like school when you were little?

With love from

RICHARD JOHNSON,
Melrose, Mass.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I enjoy the CHILD LIFE very much. Mother gave it to me for Christmas. I especially like the "Dick and Dolly Stories." Please send me a membership card to belong to the Joy Givers' Club. Please put my name among those who want letters. I'm nine years old. I have two brothers. Here is a snapshot of Fritz, the horse, my cousin Emma, my little brother and myself. I am the tallest one.

Lovingly,

HELEN SCHELLINGER,
Age 9 Amagansett, N. Y.



HELEN SCHELLINGER

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I took an interesting trip with my parents to a canyon by the name of El Rito de Los Frijolis which means in English, "The Brook of the Beans." To get into this canyon you have to go down a narrow trail five-eighths of a mile. You may go by foot or horseback, because it is only wide enough for horses—not wagons or cars. Some places the cliffs go straight down from the top to the bottom which is about a distance of five hundred feet.

When we reached the bottom we saw holes in the side of the cliffs, which were the homes of Indians, thousands of years ago; there were ladders going to the entrance of the caves. We went into a few of these holes. As soon as you crawl into the entrance of the caves you are in a little room high enough for your parents to stand in without trouble. At the right of the little door is a fireplace. The room was all black with soot from the fireplace the cliff dwellers had when they lived there. When we got out we noticed drawings, way up on the cliff. We had to look hard, for the drawings are kind of worn off from many years' rains and stormy weather. We saw carvings of men, birds and arrows. We found pieces of Indian pottery that were broken. Then we went over to the community house which was all torn down, but we could see mud blocks still there and we could see the plan of the rooms. There were only one or two blocks on top of each other. There were about forty rooms there. This is where they lived later. There were many other places, but we spent most time at the homes and the community house. They were the most important places.

I enjoyed our trip very much. I wonder if any of the CHILD LIFE readers have been here, and what they thought of it.

CAROLINE DONALDSON
Albuquerque, N. M.

WHERE THE STARS GO AT DAYTIME

I wondered where the stars go once
At daytime—now I know,
For when my mother looked at me
And smiled,

I knew where the stars do go!—
They go into the eyes of us,
They are seen in rain or shine,
I hope there are always some in yours
And mine!

JEAN ROUVEYROL,
Age 8. Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR MISS WALDO:

Here is a story I wrote about a bear. I would like it put in CHILD LIFE. I am eight years old and my sister, Stella, is ten years old. We like CHILD LIFE very much. I would like to be a Joy Giver.

THE NAUGHTY BEAR

There was once a little bear who liked to play on the mountain, so one day before he left the house, his mother said, "Don't play on the mountain."

When he got to school he thought that his mother wouldn't know if he played on the mountain, so he played on the mountain and after awhile he slipped and went down to the bottom of the mountain, and the minute he got to the bottom of the mountain, a boy caught him and put him in a cage. When a week was over the bear got out and went home to his mother. After that the little bear minded his mother.

EDWIN QUINN,
Age 8. Washington, D. C.



ALLEEN BALSMEIER

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I am sending a picture of our dolls and our teddies. We are also in the picture. I am on the right-hand side and my sister is on the left.

The dolls on the left side are my sister's. The dolls on the right are mine. The teddy bears are the oldest, so they are the fathers of the baby dolls. My big one are the mothers. Every Christmas we make them new dresses and give them parties. One day they had a party under the dining room table. It was adorned with ribbons and flowers, and the guests had to walk on a green paper carpet under a green bow, so as to enter the house, which was under the table. They had refreshments and all got presents. The dolls gave that party to the kewpies.

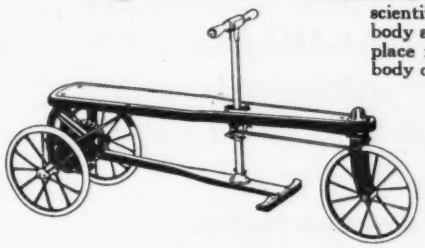
ALLEEN BALSMEIER
Isleton, Calif.



see, Mother—feel my muscle!

"SEE, mother, I've got twice as much muscle as Georgie, and he's a year and a half older than I am! I am glad you got me a Row-Cycle Exerciser—it makes my legs and arms and back so strong!"

ROW-CYCLE EXERCIZER



PARENTS: The Row-Cycle Exerciser is scientifically designed to secure the same body action as in rowing a boat. Experts place rowing first in uniformly balanced body development. The Row-Cycle prevents one sided growth—it teaches the child to use his legs, arms, back and shoulders, all at one time. Besides, every boy and girl has endless fun with Row-Cycle. Literature containing complete information will be sent you on receipt of the coupon below.

PUFFER-HUBBARD MANUFACTURING CO.
2603 32d Avenue So., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Please send me literature explaining the valuable health and entertainment features of Row-Cycle for the child. In case I want one, tell me where I can get it.

Name .....

Street..... City..... State.....



Safety First!

A PRACTICAL and convenient safety device for homes where there are small children. Suitable for front or rear porches, hallways, between rooms, at windows, stair wells and basement steps. Prevents child from getting into mischief or running or crawling away while the mother is busy with household duties. Leaves the mother free to go about her work without giving a second thought to the child's welfare. Confines the child to any room you choose or enables it to play on the front or rear porch and to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine and an unobstructed view of the street or yard. Affords protection from vicious dogs and animals. Suitable for houses, bungalows, flats, apartments and summer homes.

Staunchly built. A child cannot break it nor open it. Equipped with convenient hinges and special snap lock. Put up in a jiffy by mother or dad. Made in four sizes to suit every need from a narrow passageway to an opening as wide as nine feet. Absolutely dependable.

Approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute. Its popularity and practicability has been demonstrated in thousands of homes the country over. Every home should have one or more of these handy safety devices.

Secure it from your department, furniture or hardware store.

Mail This Coupon

Please send free booklet, "ESSENTIALS FOR THE BABY.
Your Name.....
Street and No.....
City and State .....

Ask for it by name

Manufactured by

The Holmquist-Swanson Co.
2756 W. Superior St. Chicago, Ill.

YOU are going away this summer and, of course, you'll want each number of CHILD LIFE just as soon as it appears.

So we have made it easy for you to have CHILD LIFE all summer long by making a special offer. Simply sign and mail the coupon below and CHILD LIFE for June, July, August and September will be mailed to you as soon as each number is printed.

Mail the Coupon Below

Then you will be sure to have these features

GRIMSEL—THE PERFORMING BEAR by Lucy M. Blanchard, author of "Clarita," "Chico," and other very popular books, is a story about a young Swiss woodcarver's strange adventures with his pet bear.

THE THRILL OF THIMBLE CAMP is about an honest-to-goodness hero, a clever invention and all sorts of lively experiences that turn up when Slim and his pals go camping.

AN UNEXPECTED PRIZE—in this, and in other new stories, the popular Betty Sue has much fun with a Fourth of July parade, a lost ring, and a new sort of a surprise party.

TWO NEW SERIALS, ROGER AT THE HELM and THE TREASURE OF BELDEN PLACE, full of fascinating adventures with hidden treasure, are soon to appear in CHILD LIFE.

Many of your favorite writers are now working on dozens of the best stories you ever read to interest you during vacation days. Your favorite artists are drawing their jolliest pictures, too.

Many regular readers have difficulty in buying each issue of CHILD LIFE during the Summer vacation months. It is for them that this special subscription offer has been arranged.

Tear off
Coupon here

[CHILD LIFE for the next four months $1.00]

CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

I will take advantage of your special Summer vacation offer—the next four issues of CHILD LIFE for $1.00. A dollar bill is enclosed.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

M 6

DEAR CHILD LIFE:

I like you very much. I wish you came every week instead of every month. My brother is only four but he loves CHILD LIFE very much too. As soon as he sees me open it he begs me to read it to him. If CHILD LIFE did not come to my house I'm quite sure I should be lonely.

I have taken CHILD LIFE for two years now and love it more than ever. I am sending a little poem that I hope you will print.

Toys are very friendly things,
And a lot of fun each brings;
Nice to have them when you play
Mostly any time of day;
But when night begins to fall,
Mother is the best of all.

JANE BUCHANAN,
Age 9½. New York, N. Y.



JAMES COKE

DEAR MISS WALDO:

I have taken CHILD LIFE for about a year. I think it is the nicest magazine I ever saw. Not long ago I subscribed for CHILD LIFE. I would like to become a Joy Giver.

I am sending you a picture of my shetland pony and me.

Yours truly,

JAMES COKE
Age 9½ years Grants Pass, Ore.

THE SWEET PEA BONNETS

One spring morning Mother Sweet Pea took her five little Sweet Pea girls to the millinery shop, to get some new bonnets. When they got in the millinery shop one little girl said, "Mother, may we have a different kind of a bonnet this year? We have always had the same kind of bonnets." All the little girls said, "Yes, let us have a new style." Their mother said, "I cannot let you do that, for your grandmothers have always worn this kind of bonnet. But you may have new bonnets for a year. We shall see how we like them." The little girls thanked their mother.

Two Sweet Peas chose pink bonnets with white ribbons on them. One chose a purple bonnet with rose ribbons, one a white bonnet with pink ribbons, and another a lavendar bonnet with ruffles of purple. When they had tied the ribbons under their chins their mother said, "I did not think you would look so well. You may wear these bonnets every year." This is why there are so many colored Sweet Peas in the world.

MURIEL MCCLURE
Age 8 years Chicago, Ill.



Be Sure to Ask for

WRIGLEY'S NEW HANDY PACK P.K. CHEWING SWEET

G21

More for your money, in delicious PEPPERMINT flavor, sugar coated gum. More benefit, more pleasure, more refreshment, more aid to teeth, appetite and digestion.

3 PACKS FOR 5c

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 308)

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends, or among the pupils in your room at school, and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

A Good Citizen—Nature

1. I read of the life and work of John James Audubon.
2. I read of the life and work of Louis Agassiz.
3. I read something about John Burroughs.
4. I learned something new of Luther Burbank's work.
5. I learned to identify a bird by its plumage.
6. I learned to identify a bird by its call.
7. I learned something about the habits of our birds.
8. I put a wire guard around a tree to protect the nests from cats.
9. I put out a shallow pan of water for the birds.
10. I helped make a bird house.
11. I protected the birds in every possible way.
12. I started a collection of pictures of birds.
13. I learned to recognize several wild flowers.
14. I picked no rare species of wild flowers.
15. I was careful in gathering flowers not to pull up the roots.
16. I was always careful to leave enough flowers for seed next year.
17. I weeded the flower bed.
18. I worked in the garden.
19. I started a collection of pressed flowers.
20. I learned the names of several insects.
21. I learned something new about bees.
22. I learned something new about butterflies.
23. I learned the names of the undomesticated animals of my region.
24. I learned something about their habits.
25. I learned to identify several trees.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your May list of good deeds in time to reach us by June 5, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

Best Original Activities

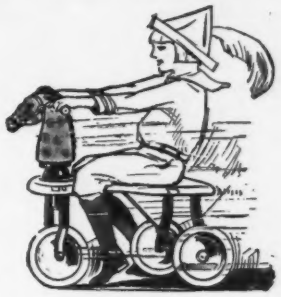
The following activities were awarded ten additional Honor Points:

I have a bird counter and feed the birds every day.—John Kolar, Mansfield Depot, Conn.

I stayed home with my little brother and let my mother go out Wednesday night.—Willomine Gross, Wanatah, Ind.

I take the dog and bring in the cows in the afternoon.—Inez Cotton, Woodworth, La.

(The Honor Roll for February and the list of Honor Award Members will be published in the June issue of CHILD LIFE.)



DAPPLE GRAY

I HAD a little pony—
His name was Dapple Gray;
I rode him to the candy store,
Twenty miles away.

May Day and Dapple Gray

Dapple Gray, with his friendly horse's head and pretty colors, is as bright as a May Basket. And best of all, he is a jolly companion all the year around, on cozy winter days, or in spring, summer and fall.





Pedal Brake

Pedal Brake is for larger children who want something to "make go." The seat and wheels are handsome red, and it has ball-bearing pedal action and a real brake that stops quickly, but can not upset the rider. Gray rubber handle bar grips and pedals.

Snuggle Buggy

Mothers like Snuggle Buggy. It can be taken anywhere, for it folds up in a very small space for carrying up stairs, in street cars—just **anywhere.** Makes a fine bed for baby in the car. (Spring holds it securely to the floor.) Just the thing for camping trips.



Get this FREE Jingle Book

Simply send your name and address and we will send you free, the pretty Jingle Book, which contains many nursery rhymes and Jingles about Dapple Gray. And if you care for it, we will also send complete information on all the Blue Ribbon Line.



Pedal Gray, a larger Dapple Gray model with pedals, Pitty-Pat and Pedal Pat and the Original Brake Scooter are some more of Dapple Gray's friends which we are sure you would like

Junior Wheel Goods Corporation
KOKOMO INDIANA

BLUE RIBBON

Quality Wheel Goods

The Sherwood School
for CHILDREN

FULLY accredited Kindergarten to eighth grade inclusive. Day and resident pupils. Best of home training and care. Ninth year begins Sept. 7th. Open year around. Pupils may enter at any time.
For Rates and Full Details Address
Box C, 5025 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Illinois

PLANS—PLANS
BUNGALOWS, HOUSES, APARTMENTS
Stock Plans $1.50 up
Plans to order $50.00 up
Whatever your problem, write
ERNEST N. BRAUCHER, *Architect*
10 North Clark St. Dept.C.L. Chicago, Ill.

Little Bo-Peep Sets
To introduce our Little Bo-Peep Fork and Spoon sets to Child Life readers, we are offering these sets during May and June for only $1.25 prepaid. Each set comes in a special Kiddie Box.
ORDER TO-DAY
BLAKE OBLANDER, Manager
Blakes Jewelry Store
198 W. Main Street Freeport, Ill.

SONG OF SPRING

As sweet as the roses of summer,
As pure as the lilies of May,
As happy and gay as a lark
Is a warm and sunshiny spring day!

The trees and the flowers and grass
Put on their dresses of green,
And birds sing their song sweet and clear,
Such beauty has never been seen.

Sunshine and rain come together,
Making a rainbow so bright,
Skipping and singing all day
In the sunlight.

MARY ELIZABETH SAUNDERS,
White Plains, N. Y.

WHY DOGS WAG THEIR TAILS

Once upon a time long ago, before dogs wagged their tails, there was a little girl named Betty Ann and her brother Robert.

One morning their father went to town and promised to bring them both something. You can imagine how excited they were that evening when their father came home with a big wiggly bundle under his arm. When Betty Ann and Robert opened it you might imagine they were very surprised when they had loosened the string and a little dog hopped out on the table. And my! Such a scurry with the children running and thanking their father and playing with the dog all at once!

Very soon the dog got big and he was very cute, but he never found anything to do with his tail. So he put it between his legs and it was not at all pretty.

One day the dog (the children had named him Jip) was playing around a bonfire and he got a little too near the fire and burnt his tail. He immediately began to howl and ran to the brook and jumped into the water. He wagged and shook his tail to get the water off and his little mistress thought it was very cute, so ever since then dogs wag their tails.

ALICE MARIAN HECHT,
Age 9¼. Davenport, Iowa.

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

MARCH COLOR CONTEST

SOLUTION

Lyre Bird. Color: brown above, brownish grey below, outer tail feathers with reddish brown bars on lighter ground, throat rufous.

WINNERS

Evelyn Smith, 1149 51st St., Milwaukee, Wis., age 10.

Jean H. Jenkins, 96 S. Bay St., Charleston, S. C., age 10.

Bobby Mills, Edgewood, Calif., age 6.

Kenneth Scollon, 1102 Chestnut Ave., Barnesboro, Pa., age 12.

HONOR ROLL

Mary L. Ambler
Leslie Allen
Arnold L. Ayers
Betty H. Acker
Aline Alger
Robert Adams
Elizabeth Allen
Dorothy L. Adair
William Aldridge
Emma L. Aderholdt
Beryl Alford
Elizabeth Ashe
Jean Abbott
Minne E. Boylan
Dorothy Baumgartel
Elizabeth Broatch
Martha Bonham
Marguerite Beard
Marjorie Byrum
Josephine Barkley
Margaret Bass
Lorene Boyler
Gertrude M. Baum
George M. Beach
Ruth Bergstresser
Marian Brindley
Mary F. Bibb
Jeanette Birdsall
Helen Bush
Francis Broich, Jr.
William Billups
Eunice Bell
Muriel Bennett
Blanche Blair
Raenette Byam
Bert Banahaf
Marian Buell
Wilsonia Butler
Doris Benson
Barbara Beiss
Betsy Bintz
Jane Bearman
C. E. Bryant, Jr.
Ann Buck
Mildred Barney
Dorothy Banks
Caroline Bradford
Elaine Blair
Marion Bancroft
Betty Bolster
Leta Bonynge
Barbara Bambach
Arnold Barkemeyer
Jane E. Burnside
Mary E. Bell
Dorothy Boellan
E. Miriam Barrwood
Betty L. Butler
Mary J. Bauman
Jean Burleigh
Bruce Bingham
Ruth Brandel
Mary J. Bartelme
Elizabeth Bahn
Betty Bowker
Barbara Brehn
Harriet B. Bobb.
Mary E. Bullington
Elise Barry
Irene Batcheider
Adelyne M. Benjamin
Helen Bates
Alice Bassett
Carol Blanning
Mary Boyle
Dorothy Conrad
Olive Crafts
Juliana Claypool
Ernest Cook
Alice Clark
Thelma Clark
Mildred Crary
Barbara Coar
Vivian Coleman
Mae Childs
Richard Cahill
Mary B. Cobb
Betty Cochran
Pauline Calvert
Mildred C. Cleveland
Estie Cooper
Dorothy L. Craig
Robert B. Carr
Fenwick Cook
Chauncey N. Coleman
Helen Crowther
Nellie Crosby
Francis Crow
Edmond W. Castleberry
Helen M. Cheever
Dolores P. Chamski
Catharine Cady
Ruth Curtis
Virginia Cain
Ronald Carpenter
Marjorie Chub
Jennie Clarkson
Virginia D. Culbreath
Virginia Dolony
Moselle Dawsey
Birdine Derby
Margaret Doege
Douglas Dunham
Ruth A. Dennis
Ruth Duncan
Alfred Dallinger
Ann Dieter
Virginia Durand
William H. Dellenback, Jr.
Carol Dolcater
Roland B. Duke, Jr.
Mildred Denny
Catherine Diehl
Marjorie Daesch
James Digby
Crawford Dudley
Marion Duval
Nondas R. Dacy
Barbara Duncan
Gladys Dietrich
Emma Doble
Florence Dalton
Nancy Dryfoos
Jeanette Dickson
Shirley DeBow
Naomi Dicken
Sylvia Edmund
James Ekstads
Muriel A. Esty
Margaret E. Ekein
Donald Ebner
Ruth Eggert
Marjorie Ellis
Lewis England
Virginia Epley
Seldie Eustis
Robert W. Evans, Jr.
Jean S. Edgar
Hugh Ferris
Evelyn Ferguson
Isobel Fidler
Charles French
Mary F. Filler
Velma Freeze
Francis Fisher
Anna Faulkner
Robert Farquhar
Allen Forbes
Peggy Fuller
Marie Flickinger
Rebecca Fuller
Ruth Fennan
Dorothy Fischer
Bertha Frey
Sarah F. Foor
Elizabeth Greene
Constance Gjobye
James Gatchell
Willetta Green
Virginia Graul
Ursula Golden
Anna Gilmore
Clarence Guthrie
Hortense Gillette
Mary W. Galbraith
Mary Griswold
Elizabeth Gardner
Norma C. Goebel
Alice Garrett
Helen Good
Mary L. Gregg
Marian Grabe
Laura Gibson
Frances Gardner
John Geddes
Sarah M. Goan
Alice Gaylord
Bob Heron
Mollie Hardee
Randolph Hamilton
Margaret Haseltine
Edna Haygood
Ruth Headington
Dorothy J. Hemsley
Marion Hewson
Mable Huston
Josephine Hackel
Beth Howe
Naomi Hilliman
Katherine Hampe
Dorine Hammond
Virginia Haldeman
Katherine Heideman
Burnarde Hill
Dollie Harrington
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Janice Humbert
Nola Hering
Beverly Hanson
Nelle Harrell
Sidney Harrell
Margaret Hassman
Mary Hutcheson
Mary Herbert
Lloyd F. Hunter
Jean Hoover
Pollyanna Hower
Jeanne Ingalls
Anne Jefferis
Elizabeth Jasper
Jewell M. Jacobs
Marion Jome
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Geraldine Kristal
Barbara A. Klepper
Margaret Kirkpatrick
Alice M. Kraus
Clara Krogstad
George Keefer
Ennes Knorr
Jessie Kinsman
Junior Kleinman
Barbara Kirkpatrick
Frances Kinney
Elinor Kurtz
Elizabeth Lewis
Myrl Luideman
Pauline Lee
Ines Lindgren
Jack Long
Elaine Leiber
Warren Lake
Mildred Letts
Helen Lasher
Helen Luhrs
Ivy Leafe
Mary Liggett
Virginia Laubender
Norman Leyden
Olga Larsson
Earl C. Lovett
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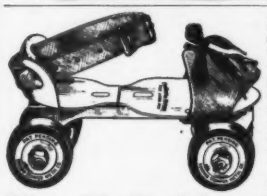
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I wish I were a fish
Away down in the sea,
I'd swim about and play,
And be happy, gay and free.

I would miss the flowers and trees
But I'd see some pretty sights.
I would miss the birds and bees,
But I'd have other delights.

As a boy, I have a chore,
But as a fish, I'd be free,
And also, I could explore
Away down in the sea.

But there's no use wishing,
For I'm still a boy;
And there's lots of things on this old earth
That a fellow can enjoy.

DAVID BUNKER, JR.
Age 11. Modesto, Calif.

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There was a pond in the woods where Jack and Tom went skating. One morning while they were skating, the ice broke with Tom, so he got all wet. Then they started for home. When they had gone a little way a big snow storm came up, so the boys got under a tree. Soon the tree became so heavy with snow that a limb broke, and down came the snow on the boys. In a little while they crawled out of the snow.

Soon after that it stopped snowing, but the path was covered and the way was lost. Then they tried to find their way out of the woods, but while doing so Jack fell in a pit which was filled with snow. Tom found a deserted cabin, so he looked in to see if he could find anything with which to get Jack out of the pit.

There was an old fireplace in one side of the cabin and an old table, a couple of rude looking chairs and a couple of bunks in one corner. Under one bunk lay a coil of rope. As soon as Tom saw it he grabbed it and ran to where Jack was. He soon let it down in the pit and pulled Jack out.

By this time their fathers began to wonder where the boys were, so they started out to hunt for them. Soon they found them trying to find their way home.

"My, I'm glad you found us," said Tom.

"And I'm glad you got me out of that old pit," added Jack.

Yours truly,
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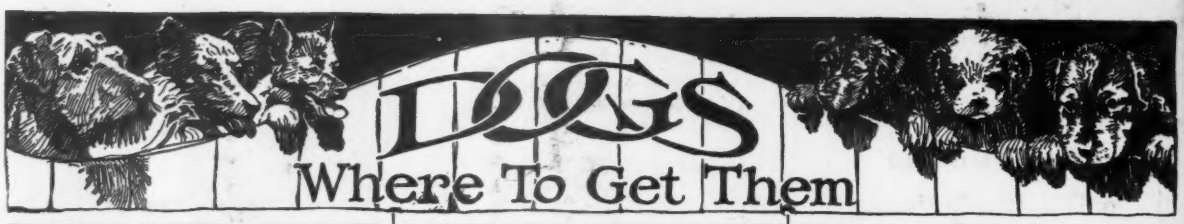
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